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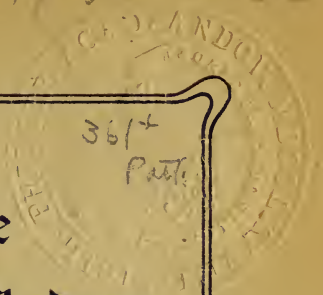


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1905-06



The
Phillips Andover
Mirror.

October,

1905.



Andover, Massachusetts.

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Editorial.

THE Phillips Andover Mirror

Founded 1854.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

MEIGS O. FROST, '06, Managing Editor.

JOHN B. WALLACE, '06, Business Manager.

EDITORS.

HENRY H. HOBBS, '06, LOWELL M. CHAPIN, '06.

Vol. I. New Series. No. I.

In the King's Box.

I sat in the salon of my hotel, lazily reading the "Nazione," which had just been brought by the postman. I say lazily, since I had nothing else to do, there being no pretty signorina to talk with, and no accommodating Englishman with whom to exchange opinions.

As I was about to throw the paper aside, one item caught my eye. "The Grand Duke Ernest," it ran, "of the principality of Weimar, is rumored to be in Florence, traveling incognito, having with him only a manservant and an officer." Having read it, I consulted my watch and, finding that it lacked but fifteen minutes of the dinner hour, I hurried off to my room. Even as I went, the first call sounded by the bell. Once in my

room, I leapt with all haste into my Tuxedo, for I was going that evening to see Eleanor Duse at the Pergola in "Francesca di Rimini," having engaged my box a week ahead. But with all my haste, it was five minutes after the second bell had rung before I issued forth into the hall, and then ran full tilt into a waiter sent from the dining-room to summon me; a good beginning for events to come. With profuse apologies on both sides, I at length reached my table.

Having finished dinner—which, indeed, I left without drinking my coffee, as Giuseppe informed me on my way out,—I donned my coat and hat, and told the *portiere* to call a cab for me. After much whistling, shouting and bustling about, he informed me that there was no cab to be found anywhere, as it was a fete day. After considerable delay, the proprietor told me I could use his private carriage and coachman, to which, inasmuch as the carriage was a comparatively "swell" one, and the coachman of the required stiffness, I consented.

I leaned back on my cushions, interrupted in my thoughts only by the ghastly glare of the street lights, as we occasionally passed by them. In vain I tried to call up memories of this play I was to see, for I had seen it when young; but

failing in this, I waited patiently our arrival at the theatre.

As we drove up, there were eight or ten others ahead of us, but in due time we ranged up alongside the entrance and one of the attendants of the theatre leaped forward to open my door, evidently thinking, from the appearance of our equipage, that the party within had his share of this world's goods. Nor did he seem surprised when I stepped out, but hesitated for a moment, and then fell to bowing and scraping as if possessed. I couldn't make anything out of it, nor did I try, but rather went on toward the door.

At once this fellow hurried forward, opened the door and hurried off, but soon returned with two or three others, who in their turn fell to bowing and scraping like the first. Very evidently they took me for some person of high rank, and I didn't try to relieve them of the idea, for in fact I was dazed with all this, and followed them mechanically to my box, which, by a coincidence, was directly opposite the private one of the king. One held open the door, another dusted off the chairs, which were already immaculately clean, while a third bowed me to a seat. "Now, at least," thought I, "I will be let alone." This had hardly passed through my mind, when the door opened, and an

attendant inquired if "His Lordship" wished anything. I fear I answered rather sharply that "His Lordship" wished nothing, for he cringed a trifle, and went out.

After sitting back in my chair for some five minutes, I became aware that I was the object of many stares and glances. And in truth, as I glanced down into the pit, and across at the other boxes, I encountered at least a dozen opera glasses leveled at me. The audience were all whispering together and gazing at me in a manner that was disconcerting, to say the least; and I sat back in my chair as far as I could.

To my great satisfaction the orchestra now started playing, and the curtain rose. At this a great weight seemed lifted from me, and I heaved a sigh of relief. Hardly had the curtain risen when there was a commotion in the box across from mine, the king's. Instinctively I looked over.

To my amazement the Count of Turin, nephew to the king, came through the open door, followed by my exact counterpart. Now all was made plain to me. The resemblance could not have been more perfect had I been looking in a mirror. Moreover, my double was a person of high rank, as was evident by the one prominent silver star on his left side.

Fascinated I watched them choose their seats in the front of the box, in such a way that every one could see them, and was only interrupted by the audience again leveling their opera glasses at me and at the man whose counterpart I was. The buzz of whisperings interrupted the play, and still I and the real personage were subjected to a great many stares. Happening to glance over at the king's box, I noticed no less a commotion there, for the Count, following the glances of the people, looked over at me, then started back as if in amazement, and thus we stared for fully a moment, he and I; then he recovered himself, and, turning to his companion, called his attention to me, and I was subjected to the glances of both. I wondered what would happen next. Then the Count, fully recovered, and with a smile on his handsome lips, saluted me, for all the world as if I were a knight of high rank. To this day I know not why, and sometimes I think the Fates had a hand in it, but I, myself, stood up and saluted, with all the skill in me, and I believe it was a knightly salute, though I say it myself. Then the Count turned to the door, with the people cheering and shouting, for they must follow their prince, and, passing through, disappeared.

After a few minutes, which seemed to me hours, a knock came at my door, and I opened it to find a superbly liveried attendant of the Count's household, standing outside. "The Count of Turin," he said, in Italian, "bids me to tell the Cavalier, who so greatly resembles his friend, the Duke, to attend on him at his pleasure in the king's box." I answered the lackey in the same tongue that I would follow him, and he, with the faintest kind of a smile on his lips, led the way. Passing through the dimly lighted corridors, my heart beat wildly with the tumult of my thoughts. In vain I tried to collect them. At last, reaching the door of the box, he flung it open, saying, "*Il Cavaliere Americano*" and I passed in. How he knew I was an American I know not, but I suppose he had seen the tiny American flag I wore in my button-hole; for I was proud of my country. To my surprise as I approached the Count and his friend, I was wonderfully calm, a great contrast to a few moments before. The Count held out his hand to me, which I took and shook heartily. Then he said: "The Grand Duke Ernst of Weimar," which I took as an introduction, and reaching forth my hand, shook that of the Duke.

"And now," said the Count, "your name?"

"Ernest Pemberton, an American," I replied. I spoke the last rather proudly.

"A likeness in name also; and an American. I am pleased to meet you," said the Count, for he liked Americans generally. Heretofore the Grand Duke had said nothing, but now he entered into the conversation with,

"Come, Count, and my American friend, we delay the play. I see that Madame Duse is not over patient." So saying, and at his request, we joined hands at the edge of the box and bowed to the audience, who were cheering and shouting enthusiastically, because they saw that their prince was enjoying himself. Then the play went on.

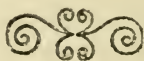
That night, in the small hours, one might have seen a stately carriage drawn by two prancing bays, halt in front of the Grand Hotel de Ville, and a footman glide down from his seat, and open the door, with its proud coat-of-arms of the sovereign of Italy emblazoned on it, to allow a rather dazed-looking gentleman to step out, who disappeared in the doorway, while the carriage likewise disappeared in the darkness.

The one who reads this story can well imagine who this personage was, who

after the *portiere* and the lift boy had recovered from their astonishment enough, to show him to his room, disappeared in its welcome darkness.

And the last thing I remembered that night, or rather that morning, was the Count's toast, at the banquet in my honor in the palace after the play: "Here's to the Grand Duke Ernest, and here's to the Ernest who should be a Grand Duke."

James C. Thomas.



To an Unknown Goddess.

We but passed.

Thou wert gone like a glimmer,
Like a gleam of light from above ;
But thy image will last.

Like a swimmer
Who's drowned in a sea of love,
I perish.

Come thou at my death-call,
I cherish the weight of thy breath-fall—
As it touches my soul from above.

Over the water's weary waste
My thoughts now turn to thee ;
Far in the sky,
Outward they fly
Like a bird, chased
Over the tremulous, turbulent sea.

At the sun-rise time of my love-life
I saw thee, fair as the day ;
And my heart was slain in the terrible strife
Twixt love and spirit and clay.

But the heart that was slain,
Thou hast healed it ;
Yet it suffered no pain,
Or concealed it ;
Whilst it felt the touch of thy hand.
And now unto thee have I sealed it,
And bound it with iron-band.

ROBERT GOLDSMITH.

A Pair of Eyes.

JACK LIVERPOOL, was sitting on the steps of his father's country place, reading his mail, when his next door neighbor and best friend, Frank Dublin, came excitedly up the walk.

"What's up, Frank?" inquired Jack.

"Just got a letter from my sister in Europe telling me that a strange and rather serious incident happened to her, a week or two ago, in a little town in the interior of France. She sent a long newspaper article about it, but the thing is written in French and I can't read it, so I have come over to ask you to help me. Here is a French-English dictionary. Now, let's get at it."

The two young men worked for some time without gathering much sense out of the narrative, but, after awhile, they managed to get enough to write it out in free English. The gist of the story was this :

Miss Clara Dublin, while sightseeing in a little town in the interior of France, became separated from the rest of her party and proceeded to find her way about

with only a Baedeker as a guide. Toward evening, tired out from being in the hot sun all day, she came upon the old Cathedral of the town. This Cathedral was part of an ancient monastery which snuggled up close to the old Gothic structure. The atmosphere of the interior was cool and refreshing to the worn out sightseer, and it was not long before she sought out a quiet little chapel and there rested her weary self in a comfortable arm chair, which was hidden from the view of the other worshippers. Over the altar of this little chapel hung a very beautiful painting of Christ, which added much to the peace and quiet of the scene. The effect of these surroundings caused the exhausted girl to fall into a sound sleep, and at sundown the Cathedral was locked up with her in it.

When Miss Dublin finally awoke, there was but a single ray of moonlight flickering in through the old stained glass windows. When fully awake and realizing her situation, she was dumb with terror. Then, gathering herself together she shrieked for help, but the sound of her own voice, echoing and re-echoing through the old building, frightened her still more. At last, petrified with fear, she could only remain motionless in her chair and wait for the morning to come.

As she was sitting thus, watching the ray of light making uncanny shapes about her, her eye was caught by two little balls of fire that seemed to shine from the centre of the painting on the opposite wall. When her eyes became more accustomed to the dim light, she noticed that these balls of fire were the eyes of the painted picture.

Her heart began to thump as it never had before, because of this strange phenomenon, which seemed to have a hypnotic influence over her. She kept her gaze riveted on the picture for many minutes until the eyes or balls of fire seemed to disappear only to be replaced by another pair that emitted a little different shade of fire. Superstition had never been a part of her make-up but she could not for a long time gather herself together enough to wonder what really brought about this effect. As she continued to study the picture, the ray of moonlight gradually worked up and up until it fell straight across the face of the portrait, and then, to her amazement, she discovered that the balls of fire were the eyes of a human being. Her fright now nearly amounted to hysteria but she sat terrified in her seat. Soon the weird eyes disappeared entirely and the real eyes of the portrait were replaced from behind.

Miss Dublin gripped the arms of her chair in a vain effort to control her terror, still nothing happened until the moon had gone down, leaving the old Cathedral in absolute darkness. There was a creaking sound and then muffled footsteps as two men dressed in priest's clothing crawled through a small door at the base of the picture. Miss Dublin stifled a shriek as she heard the men working nearer and nearer to her, but when they were still some ten feet away, there was a deafening crash from the direction in which the men had come. One of them quietly felt his way back to investigate. As he stepped through the little door from which he had originally emerged, there came to her ears a dull thud, as of a body striking a floor, followed, a moment later, by the groans of a dying man. The scaffolding behind the picture had given way, causing the crash, and the villain stepped into space, meeting death almost instantly on the stone floor of the cellar beneath. The other man continued to advance, knowing it was now too late to retreat. As a last resort, Miss Dublin determined to make a dash into the darkness, but landed in the arms of the advancing murderer, who quickly threw her to the floor, at the same time putting his hand over her mouth. He then drew a

long knife from his belt and raised it ready to strike, but the weapon resounded on the stone floor, his grip on the girl relaxed, and the man was dead. The girl fainted and next morning was found unconscious in the priest's arms, just as she had fallen. A physician was called at once and the girl revived, having received nothing more than a severe shock; and the autopsy on the body of the man proved heart failure. The Cathedral was searched and found to contain many other contrivances for murderous work, which were absolutely unknown to the Prior in the adjoining monastery, and in a cave dug out in a far corner of the cellar was an old oaken chest containing jewels stolen from former victims.

As Jack Liverpool finished reading this account, he looked into his friend's eyes and saw there a worried look, which he knew well meant a trip to Europe on the next ship that sailed.

C. P. Franchot.

Her Moods.

When Phyllis sulks, and doth declare
"You're horrid, and I hate you ; there !"
Her voice condemns, though in her eyes
A presage of forgiveness lies.
Yet luck is his, beyond compare,
Who claims forgiveness for his share.

I e'en have learned I must beware
When Phyllis sulks.

But why, I ponder, should I care?
'Tis ever thus with maiden fair
And one who e'er to please them tries,
To say the least, is far from wise.
Henceforth 'twill be her own affair
When Phyllis sulks.

When Phyllis smiles, the sparkling play
Of mirthful eyes of softest grey
All filled with wondrous, changing lights,
Frank camaraderie invites.
Old Time, unnoticed, glides away
Borne on the wings of laughter gay.
Enshrined in memory is the day
When Phyllis smiles.

Ah, would that I could truly say
Her mood is ever so, but nay,
Indeed, it seems she oft delights
In whimsical, capricious flights.
Yet o'er me she resumes her sway
When Phyllis smiles.

MEIGS O. FROST.

An Old Man's Christmas Eve.

IT was one of the smaller of the early New England towns. The day was the twenty-fourth of December, and in the early morning the snow had begun to fall from out of a leaden sky, and now lay white and silent over the village.

Jonathan Spencer had closed his little shop somewhat earlier than usual tonight and was now making his way slowly, through the driving snow, to his house, which stood back from the main street and at no great distance from his shop. The snow beat down unmercifully as he forged his way up the dimly-lighted street where the lamp lighter was just finishing his nightly task. As he passed the lights his shadow would come hurrying up from behind and go scurrying on into the darkness as if afraid to linger. Once he passed a group of boys laboring under the weight of a small evergreen which was to aid in the keeping of the morrow. There were few villagers in the street and the snow lay deep and unbroken, but he had at last come to the

gate which opened on the path up to the tiny, white house.

His trusty old negro servant had the evening meal ready for him and, after disposing of his great coat by the fire he sat down at the small brightly-polished table. While he is there, let us look about the room.

At one end is a huge fire place of rough stones and on the hearth burn the great logs. There are benches on either side of the fire place with high backs to keep off the draft. The ceiling of the room is low and the heavy rafters are unplastered; around part of the room extend long, low book shelves, and bits of rare old furniture occupy the remaining spaces.

While we have been gazing about the room the owner has seated himself before the dancing flames which crackle and snap as if glad to be relieved from many dark years of imprisonment.

His head sinks down upon his breast; his pipe dies out and the fire loses some of its gaiety as if it felt out of place. . . . He is standing in a garden. The moon is just rising over the garden wall, sending its rays down the bright gravel path. *She* is standing by his side. The cool, night air is full of the smell of roses as the breeze stirs the moon-lit flowers. They are looking far over the

wall to the sea where the path of the moon runs straight away to the horizon. Her face is full of hope and joy. But the scene changes. . . . It is the twenty-fourth of December in a little New England town. The snow has been falling all day but has stopped towards sunset and now the stars are out and the glow in the east promises a full moon. She is sitting in the fire-light while he stands leaning against the mantel looking down at her. The fire, with its uncertain glow, lights up a face still beautiful but so changed! There is the mark of disease which a Northern climate has failed to shake off. There is not a sound save for the fire. The scene grows misty, and then fades away.

The fire has burned down now and it is cold in the room as Jonathan Spencer rises and steps to the window. Outside the snow has stopped and the moon is casting great, black shadows on the pure snow. Just up the street can be seen the shadow of the church spire which, like a black finger on the snow, points to a weather worn grave-stone.

Sherwood Sunderland Day.

Leaves from Phillips Jvy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A., '73.

'48—David Skinner Bigelow was born in Colchester, Conn., May 4, 1829, the son of Jonathan Gates and Hope (Skinner) Bigelow. He graduated from Yale in '52 and for many years was a selectman in Colchester. He represented the town in the state legislature and was chairman of the board of trustees of Bacon Academy. He died at Colchester, May 8, 1905.

'49—Thomas Henry Tyler died at Brookline, September 14, 1905, at the age of 68. He had been in the wool business and later in insurance.

'55—Frederick Cochrane was born in Methuen, June 2, 1837, and died at Boston, February 3, 1905. Graduated from Union College and from the Harvard Law School in '57. He was 2nd lieutenant Company C, 50th Mass. Vol., and later captain Company E, 59th Mass. Vol. For nearly twenty years he was connected with the New England Grocer as general reporter.

'58—Louis P. Merrill, born in Andover, in 1844, and died in that town, September 6, 1905, at the age of 61.

'60—Leander Miller Haskins was born in Rockport, June 20, 1842, graduated from the Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth in 1862, served in the Massachusetts State legislature, was a merchant in Boston in the fish isinglass business and died at Rockport, August 1, 1895, at the age of '63.

'68—George Franklin Babbitt and Mrs. Eunice Humphrey Allen were married at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 22, 1905.

1905 '73—Henry Brigham Fay was born in Hampton, N. H., May 18, 1853, and died in Minneapolis, Minn., February 11, 1895. He graduated from Harvard in '77, studied one year at the Bangor Theological Seminary, was clerk of Senator Hannibal Hamlin, graduated from Harvard Medical School in '81, practiced his profession in Minneapolis. He was married June 5, 1893, to Miss May Agnes Malone.

'75—The address of Dr. Mahlon Hutchinson is 2021 Conn. Ave., Washington, D. C.

'78—Rev. Robert S. Lindsay, who has been a settled pastor of the Congregational church in Geneva, O., has become

editor of the Madison Review, Madison, O.

'83—Robert Robinson Porter Bradford and Miss Esther Warner Kelly were married May 13, 1905, at West Chester, Pa. They are living at 146 W. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

'86—Edwin Vernon Morgan has been appointed ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the U. S. Government to Korea.

'93. Harold W. Brown is treasurer of the Strafford Savings Bank, Dover, N. H.

'94—Ward Bonsall and Miss Mary Adrienne Chipman were married at Boston, June 22, 1905.

'94—Miss Georgette Durkes of Amsterdam, Holland, and Orrin Melville Clark were married July 12, 1905. They will live at 187 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'94—Married, at Manchester, N. H., June 21, 1905, Miss Mary Elizabeth Carpenter to Charles Bartlett Manning.

'94—John W. Prentiss is in the New York office of Hornblower & Weeks, brokers.

'94—Stephen Emerson Young and Miss Henrietta Hastings were married in Cambridge, October 2, 1905. They are to live at 32 Bates Street.

'95—Cameron Blaikie and Miss Cornelia Alling Millar were married June 28, 1905, at East Orange, N. J.

'95—A. E. Branch is editor of the Chelsea, Mass., Herald.

'95—Melvin T. Holbrook is instructor in Latin and Greek in the Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.

'96—Dr. Melvin Page Burnham has been appointed acting superintendent of the New York State Hospital for Incipient Tuberculosis at Ray Brook, N. Y.

'96—Rev. James Austin Richards has been installed pastor of the United Congregational Church in Newport, R. I.

'98—George Gilbert Mullings and Miss Florine Snow were married in New York City, June 1, 1905.

'99—John Joseph Mahony is principal of the Packard Grammar School, Lawrence.

'00—C. S. Bodfish is in the office of the American Woolen Company in Maynard, Mass.

I Love You.

I sat down to study last night,
With my Latin book, which I dread,
And as I looked over my lesson,
On one of the pages I read—
Amo te !

I tossed my Latin aside,
And picked up my French, with a sigh,
As I opened it out on my desk,
These words I did suddenly spy—
Je vous aime !!

“ Now, how in the world can I study ? ”
I thought to myself in surprise,
I grabbed up my German, quite angry,
Even there, these words met my eyes—
Ich liebe dich !!!

I forgot Latin, French, Greek and German,
And dreaming, leaned back in my chair,
I thought I was standing beside you,
As I whispered these words to the air—
I love you !

“ FAC. ”

The Football Situation

At Andover.

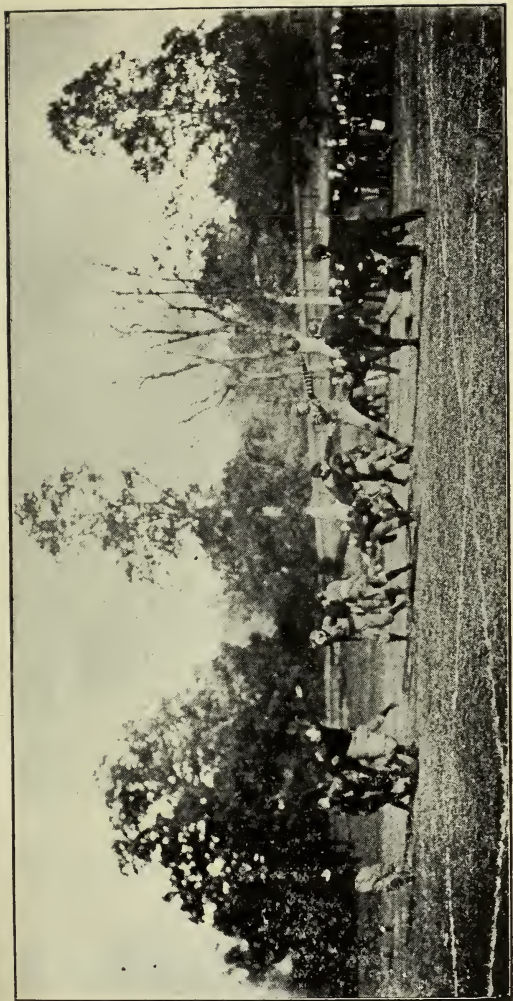
When school closed last June, Thompson and Raymond, guards; Moore, center; Brown and Schildmiller, ends; Whiting and Bullock, half-backs; Moorehead, quarter, and Driver, full-back, had either graduated or left school.

The two tackles, Hobbs and Fisher, together with Bartholomew, half, were still left. It can easily be seen that Andover's prospects for a winning team, judging by the number of old men back, are not at all bright.

However, there are a number of substitutes from last year's team who are playing a hard, fast game this year. The real difficulty in building up the team lies in developing a line. Andrus, ex-captain of Lawrenceville, has proved a find at guard. Austin, Jackson, Bowles, Avery and Greenough are the promising candidates for the center trio. There is plenty of end and back field material, as is usually the case.

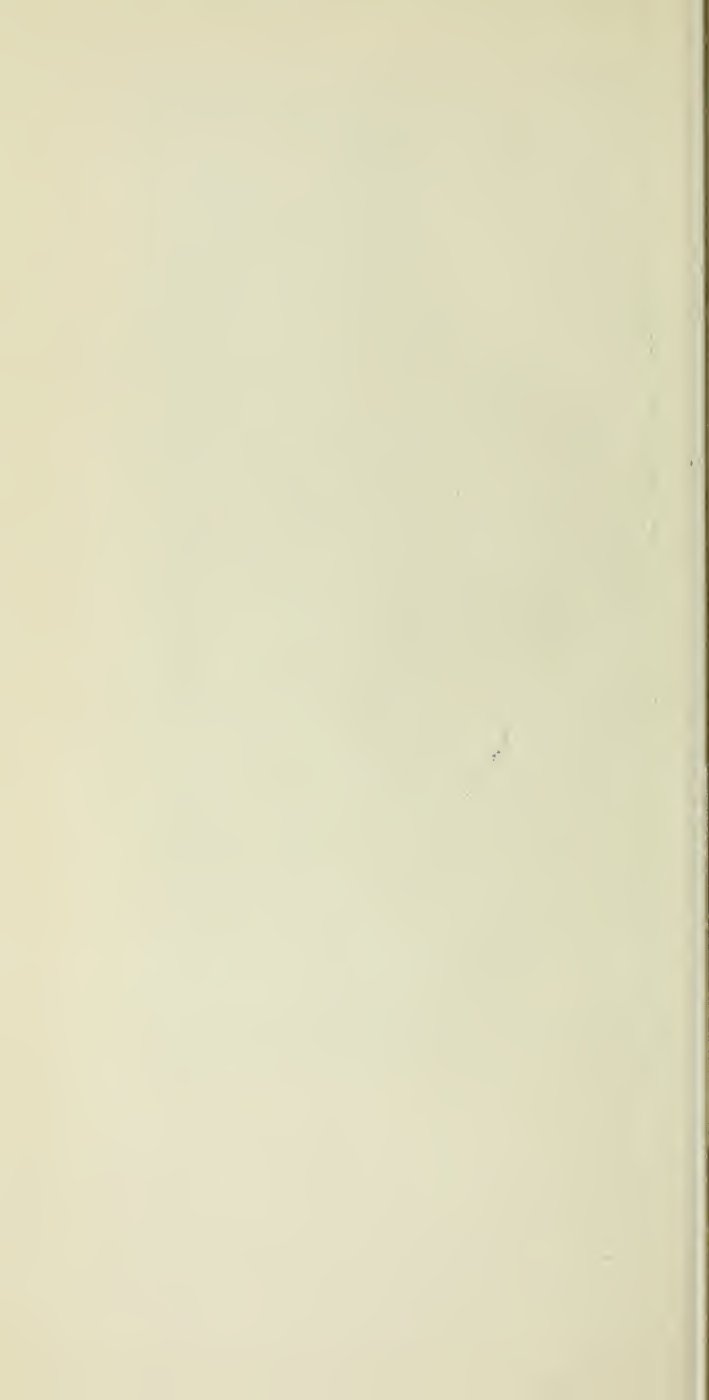
Yale coaches and methods have been employed here in former years, but this year a radical change has taken place in the system. A Dartmouth coach, Jack O'Connor, captain at Dartmouth in 1901, has charge of the team. He is teaching the Dartmouth system to the men, who are readily grasping his ideas.

Capt. Henry H. Hobbs.



Yale '09—5, Andover,—17. Andover Blocking Kick.

Photo by Sherman



Exchanges.

Hustling the Clergy.

A Western newspaper man, once connected with a journal in Denver, was one day in conversation with his chief when a clerical-looking gentleman entered the office.

"Sir," said he, gravely, "I intend next Sunday to preach a sermon on football, and it has occurred to me that an enterprising paper like yours would be pleased to have my manuscript. I have no doubt that any number of your readers would be glad to read it, and—"

"All right, all right!" interrupted the busy editor, "but you'll have to hustle it along. Get it in early—early mind! Our sporting page is the first to close."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

After the Medical Society Meeting.

First M. D.—Have some beer, Fred?

Second M. D.—Thanks, Jimmy. I think this dry Doc. can hold at least one schooner.—[*Harvard Lampoon.*]

"Well?" he muttered, butting his head on a landing as he fell down the elevator shaft. "As Kipling would say, 'That is another story.'"—[*Harvard Lampoon.*]

Editorial.

The Policy of the Paper.

The intention of the present board of editors is to make the "Phillips-Andover Mirror" a popular institution in the life of the school. We will indulge in general comment in these columns from month to month, while the body of the magazine will be made up of vigorous and clever short stories, verse, timely jokes, the best exchanges, and items of interest to every student.

Besides the Editorial Comment, Leaves from the Phillips Ivy and Exchanges, we plan to keep a brief record of the more important events of the days as they pass. We shall call this department "A Resume of the Month," and we hope to make it worth your while to preserve it as a sort of diary of your Andover days.

We hope that the support the school will accord the "Mirror" will be such that it will be unnecessary to call for subscriptions or manuscripts through the editorial columns.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of Henry H. Hobbs and Lowell M. Chapin to the editorial board of the "Mirror."

ARTHUR BLISS,

APOTHECARY,

Bank Building,

Andover, Mass.

IT'S A.....

FOWNES

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NEED TO KNOW
ABOUT A GLOVE.

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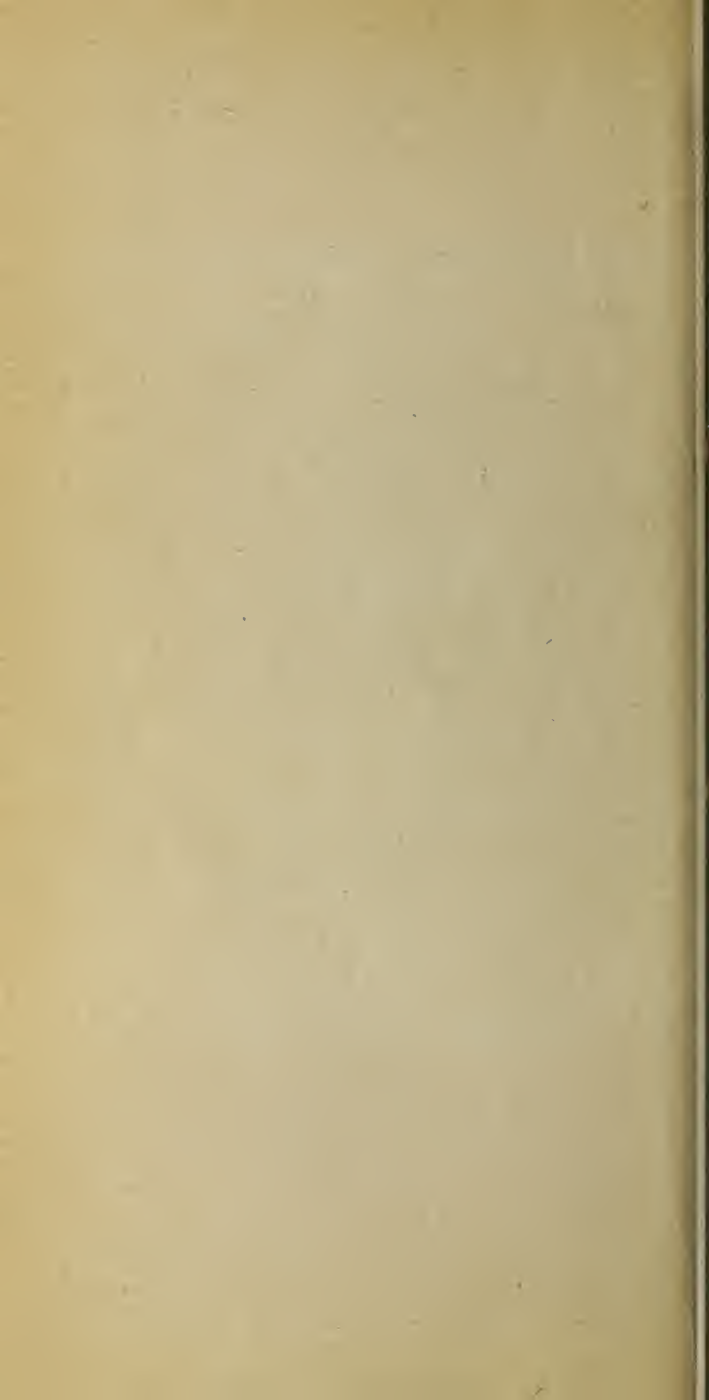


REPEATING SHOTGUNS

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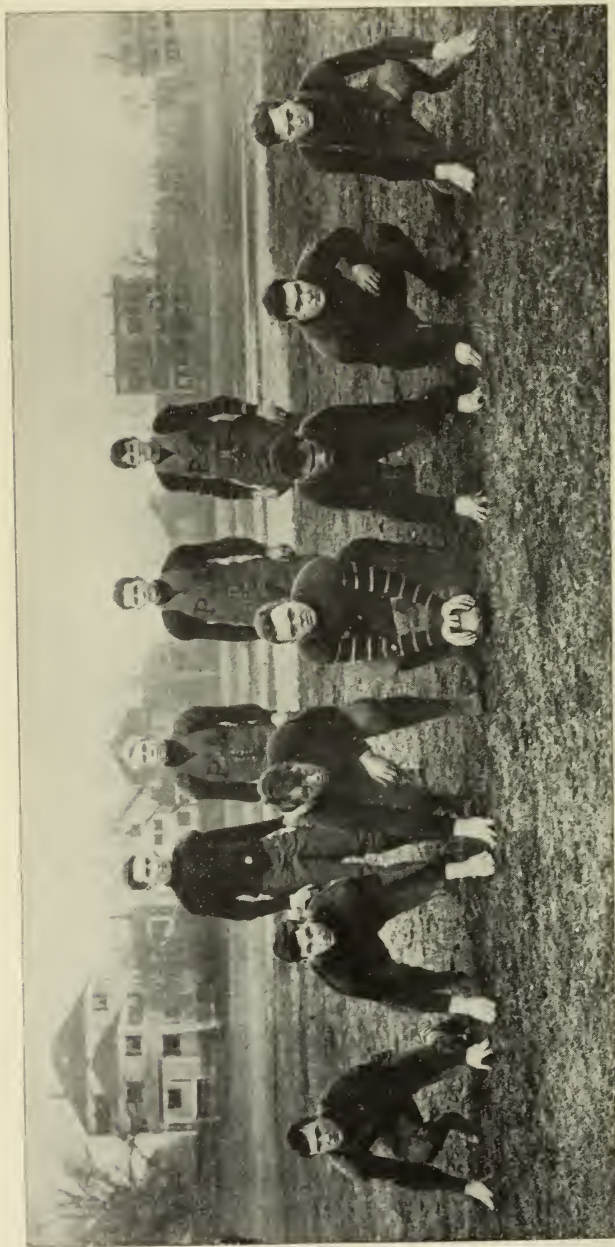
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ANDOVER'S WINNING TEAM, 1905.

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THE

Phillips Andover Mirror

Founded 1854.

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Through a Transom.

BOB FERRIT and I, for two weeks, had been following Earl Wells, the murderer of the famous mesmerist, Heron Solway, and had tracked him to London where, by a lucky chance, we found that he was stopping at a small hotel on the outskirts of the city.

In the evening we went to this hotel and inquired for George Harrison, the name used by Wells when he crossed the ocean. He was staying there, they said, but had been out since noon and had left no word as to when he would return. Bob said we would wait, but they were to say nothing to him, on his return, about his visitors. Then, by the help of a shilling, we were left alone in his room.

I carefully looked over the contents of the room, and was soon convinced that we had made no mistake. Bob was standing near a table in the middle of the

room, when I heard him give an exclamation of surprise.

“Hello!” he said, “here’s a letter for you.”

Opening it, I found a long letter, which Bob and I sat down and read. I will copy from the letter as it lies here before me.

Mr. Butler: I know that you are following me, and that you will probably reach here to-night; so I leave this story, which at least is an explanation of my crime, even if it does not justify me in the eyes of the world.

Heron Solway, the famous mesmerist, played in the same stock company with me four years ago. One night I caught him cheating at cards and exposed him. He was forced to leave the company, but before going he threatened me with awful vengeance.

I did not see him again for three years, when I met him one evening at the house of the girl to whom I was engaged. He did not seem to know me, and after he was gone I asked who he was. My fiancée told me he was a well-known mesmerist and very wealthy; he had asked her to marry him, but she had, of course, refused. I remembered he had practiced mesmerism while we were in the same company, and had seemed to gain complete control over his subjects.

I did not see him again until after my marriage, when one day he came to my house. As I entered the parlor he came to me and said, hoarsely: “You’ve won

her from me, Earl Wells, and exposed my tricks at cards, but I will be avenged, even if I have to kill her!’ Hissing these words at me, he turned suddenly and left the room before I could reply. I thought he had gone crazy or was drunk.

Three months later, the night of my crime, I was stopping with my wife at a small hotel in a town near St. Louis. I received a letter that evening from Solway, telling me that he was in the same town and still looking for a chance for vengeance. His address was on the letter, but I took no notice of it then.

In the middle of that night I was awakened by hearing a movement in the room. I could see quite plainly by the moonlight which streamed through the window. I heard someone move near the dressing-table, and, looking up, saw my wife standing by it. She held a long, metal paper-knife, and was gazing with wide-open eyes at the transom. I followed her gaze and there I saw two eyes, which seemed to blaze with light, looking straight into hers. They seemed to fascinate me. There was something weird and terrifying about their tense and concentrated look. I looked back at my wife; she held the long knife high in her hand, her eyes, with an expression of horror in them, fastened on those at the transom; then, with a quick movement, she buried the knife in her side. She fell to the floor before I could reach her. I lifted her carefully and laid her on the

bed. I listened to see if her heart was beating, but she was dead. I thought of those eyes and looked at the transom; they were still there and seemed to gloat over the scene. As I looked I heard a low, derisive laugh, then they were gone. I rushed to the door and looked out in the hall; it was empty. That laugh! Those eyes! Where had I seen eyes with that awful expression in them before? Heron Solway! That was the way he looked when mesmerizing anyone. Mesmerizing? My God! Had he made my wife kill herself? Was the man crazy? Had he really meant all that he said? Well, he had had his revenge, but he would pay dearly for it. Then, I thought of his address on that letter. Ah, I had him! I dressed hastily and left the hotel. I seemed to be walking in a dream, and then, suddenly, I saw him standing in the doorway. With a cry of rage I sprang at his throat. He jumped back in surprise. I sprang again, and this time I had him. I pressed my thumbs deep into his throat. He struggled desperately to throw me off, but I only pressed harder and harder and I felt him growing weaker and weaker. Then his knees gave way and we fell to the floor; but I still held tightly to his throat. I raised his head and beat it again and again upon the floor with frenzied force. Then I jumped to my feet, gave one look at the body, and left the house.

As soon as possible I came to London. I had not felt a pang of remorse until I

read the enclosed slip in a newspaper. Now I see my mistake, and when you have read this and the enclosed, which I think will explain all, I shall be beyond the reach of human justice.

Earl Wells.

Enclosed I found the following newspaper clipping. It was dated about a week after the murder of Solway.

In the summer resort B——, there have been three strange suicides, or supposed suicides. The last one occurred at three this morning in the Road's hotel. The elevator boy heard a faint cry; he called a bell boy, and together they went to investigate. When they came to the floor from which the cry had seemed to come, they saw a man holding himself up on a level with a transom by his hands. He did not notice the boys who stood watching him. Suddenly, with a low laugh, he dropped to the floor, and running past the boys went down the stairs. Before either of them could follow him, there was a cry for help from the room he had just left. On entering the room, they found a woman leaning over the form of a young girl which lay on the bed. The girl was dead. Mrs. Grant, the girl's mother, tells the following story:

At about three o'clock she had been awakened by a noise in the room and, on looking up, saw her daughter standing in the middle of the room, her eyes were fixed with horror on the transom. Suddenly, with a faint cry, she fell to the floor. Mrs. Grant carried the girl to the

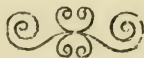
bed and found that she was dead. A low laugh came from the transom and she looked up in time to see the head of a man disappear. She cried for help, and the two boys came. Early this morning the mysterious man was caught, and all is made clear. For ten years he has been in an insane asylum, where he had arrived after a short but brilliant career as a mesmerist. A short time ago some of his power seemed to come back to him, for he mesmerized his keeper and escaped. Two supposed suicides have been traced to him, and one death caused probably by fright. The wife of murderer Wells, was probably one of his victims. He is now in safe keeping, so no one need fear him.

After a pause, Bob spoke :

“ Well, Jack, let’s go home,” he said.

I nodded in assent, and together we descended the stairs and left the house.

“ *Fac.* ”



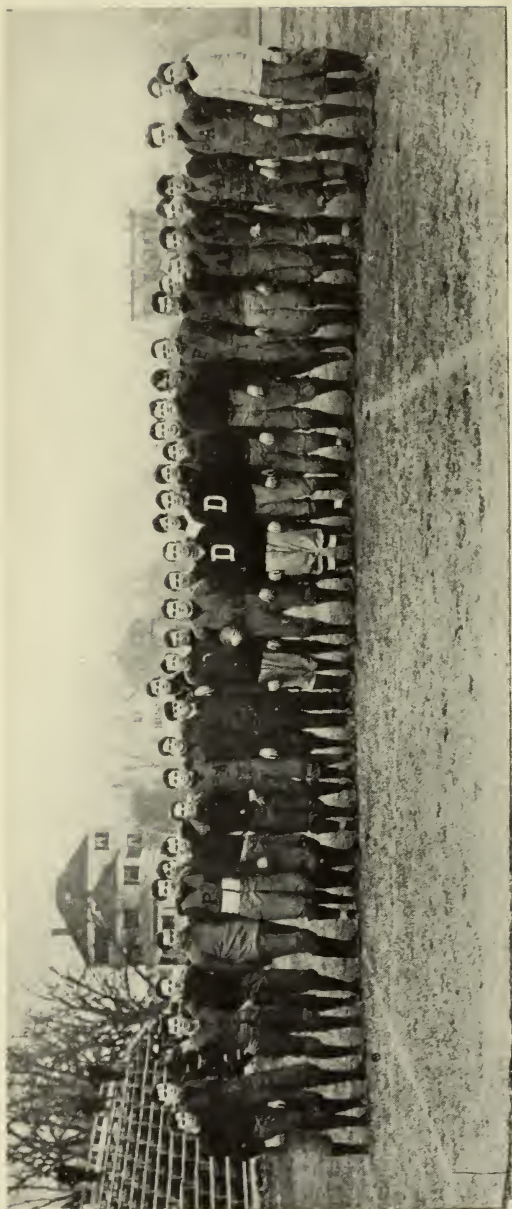
Maud Muller Up-to= Date.

Maud Muller on a summer's day,
Called her chauffeur and rode away.
Beneath her veil there glowed a wealth
Of large red freckles and first-rate health.
Singing she sped, and her reckless glee
Frightened the people and made them flee.
Until she was several miles from town,
Upon a hillside scooting down.
Her laughter died, and a sudden dread
Made her look with fear at the road ahead.
A fear that she hardly dared to feel,
What if her "bubble" should cast a wheel.
The Judge scorched swiftly down the pike,
Until he struck a railroad spike,
A tire was punctured; the "bubble" stood still—
Then Maud drew near, speeding down the hill.
Maud stopped her machine, and inquired the
trouble;
Hoping to help repair his "bubble."
She stooped where the gasoline bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down,
At her russet shoes and Paris gown.
"Thanks," said the Judge, for your timely aid,
You are a trump, my pretty maid."
And Maud forgot her freckled face
As she arranged her hat of lace.
They talked of red-devils, the road, the trees,
Of cross policemen, and centuries.
At last, like one who for delay,
Finds no excuse, he steamed away.
But he looked back as he climbed the grade,
And saw Miss Maud in the distance fade.
"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Were in her 'Winton' speeding away."

But he thought of sisters, proud and cold,
And knew his mother would surely scold.
So he pulled out his lever another notch,
And cast a hurried glance at his watch.
Now Maud looked back and sighed—"Oh fudge!
I'd like to be the wife of the Judge.
He'd dress me up in crepe de chene,
And a 'pill-box' hat all edged with green.
My father should have a new frock coat,
And brother would have a billy goat.
My mother should have a seal-skin sack,
And the baby a brand new rattle to crack."
But alas for Maud, alas for "His Honor,"
Both had departed and he was a goner.
For all wise words that e'er were taught,
"The wisest are, "Strike while the iron is hot."

A. M. B.





P. A. FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1905.

His Last Game.

RALPH SWEENEY, captain of the Eldsworth College football team, had just called practice. It was the beginning of the season, and a large squad of new men had reported. Ralph had played fullback on the team for three years, and his senior year found him captain, and the most popular man in college. For two years Ellsworth college had been defeated by her old rival, Annendale, and it was the height of Ralph's ambition to see his college defeat their rivals once more before he left school, and especially when he himself was captain.

The squad was gathered around the captain, and he was giving the candidates for the team a talk on the prospects of the season.

"Fellows," he said, "you know that for two years past our rivals have succeeded in beating us at football, and last year they beat us in everything. It is up to us to bring about a change in our luck, and also to set a good example for the baseball and track men. The eleven this year, as in the past, will be composed of none but the best players, and everyone gets a fair chance."

After Ralph finished speaking, and had consulted the coach, the squad was put

at punting practice, and the work of the season began in earnest.

* * * * *

The days before the final contest were becoming fewer and fewer, until finally but a week remained in which to prepare for the great game.

During the season a freshman who had come out with the squad for preliminary practice, had gradually developed into an exceptionally good player, and now seemed to be pressing the captain strongly for his place. He had entered college that fall with no expectation of becoming a football player, but under the instruction of the coach and captain, he gradually became a star.

Ralph had apparently overworked himself, for he was no longer sure of the drop kicks from the field, for which he had been so well known, and he seemed much slower to get into play than formerly.

The team also noticed the slow work of the captain, and the general supposition was that he was stale from overpractice, although the coaches did not seem to think so, for Ralph was kept at work as hard as formerly. He himself suddenly realized that he seemed to have lost his old skill and snap, and a great fear came over him, for he realized only too well the qualities of the freshman as a player, and knew that to keep his place on the team would necessitate an improvement in his playing.

Ralph also knew that he would make the choice of the team, and he had not the slightest doubt that the coach would agree with him in the lineup.

It was the night before the great game with Annendale, and Ralph sat alone in his room with the line-up for the game before him. He had gone carefully over the whole list with the coach, and he was satisfied that he had picked the best possible team for his college. There was one position on the team, however, which was vacant, and that the coach told him he must fill as he thought best. It was that of fullback.

"What shall I do?" thought Ralph, as he leaned over his desk. "How can I, after holding my position on the team for three years, give it up to that freshman Wentworth, whom I taught how to play? It is more than any fellow can do. It seems to be only too true that I am stale, for in the last few days of practice he certainly has shown up very strong, while I have played a rotten game. He cannot keep the team steady the way I can, if he can play better, and that is what will count in to-morrow's game. But I can steady the team from the side line, perhaps, and that changes the whole situation."

He suddenly straightened up in his chair, and as he did so, his eye caught sight of a letter lying on his desk.

"A letter from the governor," he said. Tearing it open, he read the letter

from his father, which stirred him deeply.

"Father says he cannot come and see tomorrow's game, and that I must put up a good game," said Ralph. "Well, I do not see what else I can do honestly, than to put in Wentworth." As he finished speaking he wrote Wentworth's name down on the paper as full back.

* * * * * * *

At last the time for the long looked for game arrived. The gates of the Eldsworth College athletic field were thrown open, and the students of both colleges marched to their places on the bleachers singing their college songs. All the available space around the field which was not occupied by seats was filled with automobiles and carriages, and as the rival teams came running out of their quarters onto the field, everybody rose and cheered.

The teams lined up on the field and a murmur of surprise went around among the spectators when they saw that Ralph Sweeney was not in his accustomed place. Many were the rumors scattered around concerning the matter, but as the referee blew his whistle, all attention was centered on the players.

The ball was put in play and Annendale received it on the kick off. Both teams were highly excited, and Annendale fumbled the ball, but recovered it quickly and rushed down the field only to be stopped by Eldsworth after a short

run. The game was a very even one and the ball was taken by each team repeatedly owing to the failure to make their distance.

The men of both colleges cheered their teams frantically, and as Ralph Sweeney sat on the substitutes bench on the side lines, he watched each play with growing anger.

"Why don't that stiff of a Wentworth go through that line? He don't ever seem to have grit enough to tackle low," said Ralph, angrily, to the coach, who sat next to him.

"It isn't so much the freshman as it is the whole team, captain," the coach replied. "They depended too much on you, and you have failed them," he continued, as he watched with growing pleasure the angry glow that came into Ralph's eyes.

"The next half finds me in at full back!" said the captain.

The coach had succeeded in his object. He had made the captain so sore by hinting that the team thought that Ralph had shown the white feather, that he knew Ralph would play for every ounce that was in him, if he went in the game.

"He may have been stale," thought the coach, "but he is far from it now. That team will get new life in it when the captain gets back of the line."

Just then the whistle blew for the end of the first half, and the coach rushed away to the quarters of the team to give

some final instructions to the players before the second half.

He told the men in forcible language their faults and what they should do next half. He succeeded in making everyone of them fighting mad, and where before they were afraid of losing, they now were ready to kill their opponents to redeem their personal reputations.

* * * * *

The beginning of the second half found the score 0—0. No changes had been made in Annendale's line-up, and the only one in Eldsworth was that of full back. The captain was in his usual position. This fact was greeted with long cheers by the Eldsworth men, and all seemed to cheer up for some unknown reason.

It was Eldsworth's kick-off, and after the official blew his whistle the ball sailed through the air and was caught by Annendale's left half back. He started down the field with a rush, but was downed before he had gone fifteen yards.

The two teams lined up against each other and the battle royal commenced in earnest. First one team and then the other got the ball, but finally Annendale held it for her five yards, and then slowly but surely began to creep toward the Eldsworth goal.

The fellows on the bleachers gave yell after yell of encouragement to the Eldsworth team, but evidently they were out-

classed, for they seemed to struggle with all their strength.

Finally but five minutes' more play remained. Ralph saw his men were losing hope and he himself began to look upon the game as finished when an unexpected thing happened.

As the quarterback gave the signal for Annendale's next play, and as the ball was passed to him, he fumbled it. Quick as a flash Ralph hurdled the line and dropped on the ball before either team realized what had happened.

The ball was Eldsworth's. Cheer after cheer split the air from the Eldsworth sections, and from despair their faces changed quickly to hope and confidence.

Both teams were in position again, and while the Eldsworth quarter was preparing to give the signal, Ralph spoke words of encouragement to his team. "7-24-11-18-9-5," shouted the quarterback in a clear voice.

It was the signal for Ralph to take the ball. Jumping forward he hit the line, and felt himself half lifted, half shoved, through, by the halfbacks behind him.

He was through, and with no one in front of him but Annendale's quarter. Could he succeed in passing him? He attempted to hurdle him, but was unsuccessful, and was downed fifty yards from Annendale's goal.

The Eldsworth team received new courage, and played the game with renewed strength. They struggled on against their opponents, and little by little ap-

proached the twenty-five yard line. At last by an end run they were there.

Annendale was desperate and refused to give an inch farther. They held Eldsworth for two downs, and Eldsworth still had two yards to make.

The Eldsworth team was desperate. There was victory but a few yards away, and but few minutes in which to win.

The quarterback was giving signals, and it was with strained nerves that the team heard the signal for a drop kick. Would their captain make it? He had failed to do it in the last few days of practice, and now the whole season's success depended on it.

The signal was given and the center passed the ball to Ralph. He caught the ball fairly, and with no apparent haste kicked it. No sooner had he done so than he was pinned to the ground by both of Annendale's ends, but too late, for the ball curved gracefully upward and over the bar.

The game was won.

The student's rushed down upon the field and lifted the victorious team upon their shoulders and carried them to the gym.

Suddenly Ralph saw a tall, well dressed white haired man elbowing his way toward him through the crowd.

"Father," he cried, his eyes filling with joy as he recognized the man.

"Good work, my boy," replied Ralph's father, for it was he, as he seized the hand his son eagerly held out to him.

Ralph's joy was complete. The game was won, and it was through him that it had happened. While Ralph and his father sat together in the former's room that night Ralph told him the story of the freshman.

His father made no reply, but got up and grasped his son's hand.

This was all that was needed to complete his happiness.

Malcolm.



Disappointment.

Onward we glide; the pulsing air
Seems to have caught the magic spell
Of cadences that rise and swell
To sink in murmurings soft, how fair
Sweet Doris looks. I lead her where
A corner banked with greenery
Protects from any prying eye.

Her lashes—like the ferns that lie
About some deep pool's tranquil rim
That in its depths so dark and dim,
Concealed holds many a mystery—
Droop 'till they touch her cheeks, and I
Gazing therein, would fain surmise
What thought is hidden in her eyes.

Is it some dream of prince or knight?
Some vision radiantly fair
Wrought from a maiden's fancy rare?
Some *bon-mot*, witty, sparkling, bright?
Anxious, I wait to hear aright
Her words: "Did you see Millie's dress?
I think it is a perfect mess."

MEIGS O. FROST.

The Escape of Samuel Stevans.

SAMUEL STEVANS had been taken, when a boy, by the Jesuit missionaries to grow up among the Indians of Canada, to learn their language and their customs. He had been a great power for good among the red men, and was greatly loved and admired by them.

It was a day in late October as Samuel Stevans was taking some produce of his little farm to sell to the Indians. The air was cold and clear. All the leaves had fallen from the great oaks along the way, save here and there one stronger than its fellows could be seen clinging to its branch. The whole tone of the forest, as the road wound in and out, was that of red and yellow. The ground was carpeted with the fallen leaves, dulling the sound of the horse's hoofs and the rumble of the wheels.

At length, after rounding a turn in the road, Stevans met an Indian who greeted him rather curtly and with none of the usual warmth which the red men were wont to show towards him. He wondered at the strange behavior of this young brave, but drove on without asking an explanation.

As he drew near the little Indian village he met other red men who greeted him in the same cold manner. There was no sign of hostility, but the Indians seemed sad and troubled at his presence. At length he asked a passing brave why he was treated in this uncalled-for way. The Indian seemed at first loath to tell him, but upon being urged said that an Indian had met death at the hands of a white man a day or two before, and according to the Indian law of that tribe, which is as final as the laws of the Medes and Persians, he, being the first white man to come to the village after the death of the Indian, must die!

The sun was just sinking down into the forest as Samuel Stevans reached his home that afternoon. He told his wife of his fatal trip and she urged him to flee, but he refused, knowing perfectly well that the house was watched and that there was no hope of escape.

The following day was spent in settling his business affairs and in making his last will and testament. Night came and he retired, knowing that he would probably be called before morning.

Towards midnight he heard the death halloo ringing through the cold night air of the forest. He rose, dressed himself, took leave of his wife, and went downstairs. He entered the large living room and threw a log on the glowing embers, which at this encouragement burst into flame.

Soon the chiefs came filing into the

room. Each chief wore a great blanket, and after they had seated themselves in a semi-circle on the floor Stevans took his place in the center of the counsel.

The fire on the hearth threw its light upon the visages of the dusky red men in their sombre costumes, and outside the wind was moaning through the forest. The sky was overcast with fast skurring clouds which had gathered since sundown, and the moon shone out from behind them, intermittently.

Stevans' wife, as she sat by the window in the room above, could hear a chief get up and talk for some time, and then her husband would reply to him, but what was being said or just what was being done she could not make out. All the time she sat shivering by the window watching the clouds go skurrying before the wind and hiding the light of the moon.

Down in the room below the fire was gradually dying out, and as the last chief sat down only the embers remained. The gloomy faces of the Indians could scarcely be seen as the chief of the tribe gave the verdict of death and an old brave arose with his great tomahawk to make the fatal blow.

The moonlight, which had been shining in through the small window, seemed to go out. There was not a sound save for the moaning of the wind as the tomahawk was balanced in the air. Then there came the sound of moccasined feet on the porch outside; the door was thrown

open and some one entered the room. The cloud withdrew from before the face of the moon, and the light shone full upon an Indian squaw, the mother of the dead Indian.

She stood in the draft of moonlight with her arm outstretched over the bowed head of Samuel Stevans, and in the language and according to the custom of her tribe, she adopted Stevans as her son in the place of the murdered brave.

Outside the wind had ceased its moaning, and in the room upstairs could be heard the sound of a woman crying softly.

Sherwood Sunderland Day.



Cupid in a New Form.

I was taking a swim one day,
In May,
In the blue;
When I met a girl quite gay,
In the spray,
Whom I knew.

I was talking to her, when a crab,
Took a grab,
At my toe.
And I told him in words not refined,
I'd not mind,
If he'd go.

When I whispered in accents not loud,
"Three's a crowd,"
He looked sour :
But he left us alone in the brine,
She was mine,
For an hour.

We had such a beautiful time,
So fine,
The whole day.
That with her I'm sure that I would,
If I could,
Always stay.

If Cupid comes in the spray,
That way,
As a crab,
Then he it was, I know,
At my toe,
Took a grab.

"FAC."

Leaves from Phillips Joy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.

✓ '40—Jonathan Murray Richardson died at Essex, October 22, 1905, at the age of 85. A shoe manufacturer for many years, he later conducted a grocery store. He served on the school board of Essex.

✓ '54—William Nevins Armstrong was born in Honolulu, Hawaii, March 10, 1835, and after graduating from Yale in 1858 practiced law in New York city. In 1880 he became attorney-general and minister of state to King Kalakaua, and made a tour of the world with the king. In 1894 he was editor of the Hawaiian Gazette. More recently he has lived in Washington, D. C., where he died of malarial fever at the Garfield Hospital on October 15, 1905. His son, Richard Armstrong, was a member of P. S. '93.

✓ '58—James Brown Mason Grosvenor was a graduate of Brown Univ. in 1862. He became president of the Grosvenordale Co., a director in the Driggs-Seabury Gun and Ammunition Co., and a director in the U. S. Casualty Co. He died suddenly on the platform of an elevated railway station in New York on September 25, 1905.

✓ '59—Adolphus Maximilian Leve was born in Obornix, Posen, Prussia, Dec. 30,

1835. Enlisted in 38th Mass. Vol. Followed the cooper's trade first in Townsend till 1879, and then in Sandusky, O. He was married to Miss Ellen Stickney at Townsend Nov. 19, 1864, and died July 12, 1903.

✓ '63—George Frederic Flichtner was a graduate of Amherst in 1867, was assistant rector of the Church of the Ascension in New York, rector in Newark, N. J., rector for 17 years in Englewood, N. J., and died at Ipswich July 25, 1905.

'87—James P. Woodruff has been elected judge of the probate court for Litchfield Countv, Conn.

'90—Rev. Arthur G. Cummings, Harvard '94, Andover Seminary '05, has accepted a call to the First Congregational church in Middleboro.

'92—Asabel H. Grant is teaching at the Horace Mann school in New York city and lives at 402 W. 124th street.

'96—Dr. Edward Chace Greene and Miss Agnes Eleanore Dinsmore were married at Harbor Springs, Mich., Sept. 2, 1905. They are to live at Eastern Michigan Asylum, Pontiac, Mich.

'98—Married at Montclair, N. J., Oct. 19, 1905, Miss Alice Woodbury to Rossiter Howard, instructor in music in the Academy 1901-1904.

'99—Edward Perry Townsend and Miss Fannie Praddow Simpson were married Sept. 16, 1905.

'00—Courtlandt W. Babcock is with the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

'00—Byron A. Pierce can be addressed at 53 Waterman street, Providence, R. I.

'00—Alfred N. Robbins and Miss Mabel Irene Hosking were married at Winsted, Conn., October 19, 1905. They are to live at Lynn.

Exchanges.

She—"Is your knee tired, dear?"

"Oh, no. I can't feel it at all now."

—[*Life.*

Bow—"Why do they call this part of the Charles River the basin?"

No. 2—"I suppose it is because this is where the waves wash!" — [*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Order!" cried the judge, banging upon the desk.

"Rye highballs," answered the jury in a chorus.—[*Yale Record.*

There was a young fellow named Hughes,
Whose favorite stunt was to bughes ;

He'd sip it all night,

Till his face would alight,

But his brain would fly up—and his
shughes.—[*Harvard Lampoon.*

Instructor—Did I see you copying Jones's paper?

Student—No, sir; we were just playing cribbage, and it was my crib.—[*Harvard Lampoon.*

He—What's a definition of race suicide?
She—Quit your kidding.

—[*Harvard Lampoon.*

Editorial.

In presenting this, the second issue of the *Mirror* for this year, we wish to offer a word of apology for the form of the first issue. While we have heard small complaint concerning the reading matter of the issue, still the paper and the cover were undeniably open to criticism. This was the result of a misunderstanding on the part of the printer, and we feel safe in assuring the school that such an error will not occur again, and that the *Mirror* will hereafter be presented in a form which will not cause unfavorable comment. Also, the *Mirror* will be delivered at the subscribers' rooms, instead of being given out from the Archæology Building.

In order to encourage the writers of the school in a more substantial manner than heretofore, the *Mirror* offers a prize of five dollars for the best short story submitted during each term.

The judges of the contest will be chosen from the English department of the faculty, and the winning story will be published under the heading of "The *Mirror* Prize Story." We especially urge all the men who have any ability at all, to try for this prize, as there are still several board positions to be filled.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,"

and Andover realizes that another football season has closed. And with this realization comes the added feeling that we have witnessed a game that will go down as noteworthy in the history of our school. It was clean, it was hard-fought, and it was won by the sheer pluck and dash of a team which outclassed even the heavy veterans of Exeter.

We of the older men feel that we have been repaid for our watching, hoping and cheering of the past three years, and the new men can feel that their "prep" year has been opened as few other years have been.

And so the Mirror adds its word of congratulation to Captain Hobbs, to the team, and lastly, to the school which has watched and cheered and backed up a captain and a team that any school would be proud to own.

Gloves May Be Right

And Not Be Fownes

But They Can't Be

FOWNES

And Not Be Right.

WINCHESTER



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THE
Phillips Andover Mirror
Founded 1854.

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“There’s Many a
Slip——”

“Oh George, pretty near ready?”

I was standing at the foot of the steps with my suit-case, waiting for George Stone.

In a moment he came running down, a suit-case in one hand, and a duster over his arm. He looked worried, and as soon as he reached me he broke out with “Awfully sorry, old man, but Louise Bart has just telephoned, and that is what kept me. She wanted me to tell you that Will Stuart just came over from St. Paul with his machine to take her to the hop, and that she had forgotten that she had promised to go with him tonight. She accepted his invitation as she was coming back with him from the dance at the Country Club last Saturday. It never

occurred to her, when you asked her, and and she was all ready to go with you when he got there. Of course, she couldn't get out of it, and they are going to start in a few minutes."

Well, I didn't know whether to go or not, but George persuaded me to go anyway, as there would surely be some girls without partners, as always happens at an informal dance of this kind.

George's "Panhard" was standing out on the drive. It was a new car, and he took a lot of pride in it. We threw in our suit-cases, and were soon on the way. After skirting the edge of Lake Calhoun, we bowled along in the open country.

It was about five o'clock, on a Saturday afternoon in the middle of September. The last hop of the season was to be held at the Minnetonka Club that evening, and we had been planning to make up a jolly crowd for the event. Edith Parmelee, whom George was to take, was staying with a friend at the lake. George expected to meet her at the club, where a little dinner had been arranged, to which Louise and I had been invited. But it seemed as if my enjoyment for the evening was to be spoiled. I finally gave up the problem, and decided to trust to luck to find a partner.

George had just been commenting on how well the motor seemed to be running, when suddenly it faltered while going up a little hill, and he had to change back to a lower gear. Once on the level again, everything appeared to run smoothly.

Striking a good piece of road, we spurted for a little way, finally slowing down to cross the railroad tracks and pass through the little town of Minnetonka Mills. On the other side of the town we struck a place where the old road was being changed to macadam, and for perhaps half a mile we had to pick our way carefully. But once over this there was a good, though somewhat winding road to the lake. We went on at an easy pace for about a mile, when the motor missed badly, slowed down and stopped. George pulled out the clutch, and let the machine coast to one side of the road. I got out and cranked a couple of times, but George soon saw that there was no spark. An examination of the storage batteries showed at once that they were too weak.

After a few minutes George decided to walk back to Minnetonka Mills, and take a train for Excelsior, where there was a garage. There he could get new batteries, and by hiring a car be back in about an hour and a half. In the meantime I was to watch the car. He started off, cursing his luck, and left me to the company of a good cigar and discouraging thoughts.

This breakdown seemed to be the climax. I had lost Louise as my partner, and was now to lose even the chance of having a single dance with her. I consoled myself, however, with the thought that Louise might save a dance or two for me in case I came after all.

I pulled a book out of my suit-case and

tried to interest myself in it, but finding it did not hold my attention, and that it was getting too dark to read anyway, I put it away again. A couple of farmers, whom we had passed 'way back on the road, came up and consoled me with sarcastic remarks, but I was soon left to my solitude again.

Time dragged on. It was now dark and as I was tired of sitting still, I got out and stretched my legs a bit. I walked down the road a way, then retraced my steps to the car, in which I settled myself again. Having nothing else to do, I amused myself by becoming familiar with the operating levers of the new car.

Suddenly I noticed that the trees on the other side of the road, where there was a bend, seemed to be lighted up. I looked around, expecting to find that the moon had come up, but it was not in sight. I was puzzled, and finally decided to investigate. I walked up to the bend, and when I turned it, I discovered that the light came from the headlights of another machine. It was standing still, and I kept on to see what was the matter. I could see nothing beyond the lights, as they dazzled my eyes. Imagine my surprise when, having almost reached the car, I heard a girl's voice cry out: "Why, Fred Bostwick, where did you come from?"

I recognized the voice at once. It was that of Louise.

I ran to the car and found that it was indeed she. I jumped up beside her, and mutual explanations followed. In a few

minutes everything was made clear. It seemed that Will Stuart had started off with a small supply of gasoline, thinking he would have enough to last until he reached the club, as he knew that he could get some there for the return trip. But here his supply had failed about an hour before. There was nothing to do but to walk back to Minnetonka Mills, where he thought he could get a supply, but he had been gone much longer than he expected, and she had begun to be worried about him. I explained my own predicament, and inwardly regretted the hard things I had said about my luck, as it hadn't treated me so badly after all.

Louise made clear to me how the mistake had occurred about the invitations to take her to the hop. We were soon talking animatedly about the stirring events of the day. After a few minutes' conversation, I suddenly noticed the nameplate on the car—"Panhard." An idea came into my head, and after glancing quickly over the levers, I excused myself quickly on the ground of having to light the lamps on the other machine. On the way back my courage almost failed me, but thinking of the old saw: "Nothing risked nothing gained," I lighted the headlight of George's car, and going to his tool-case, I groped for the rubber pail which I had seen there earlier in the day. Having found it, I filled it with gasoline from the tank, and walked back to Louise. I poured the precious fluid into the tank of Will's car, and not daring

to offer any explanation to the wondering Louise, I went up in front and cranked the engine. The motor started, and without a word I went back and jumped into the chauffeur's seat.

Louise caught me by the arm and exclaimed, "Fred, what *are* you up to?"

"Well, wouldn't you rather go to the dance than wait here?"

Louise hesitated.

"Well, y-e-s. But what will Will Stuart say?"

"He'll be all right. We can explain to him later; anyway, he has probably met George by this time, and they will come out in George's car."

"But he will never forgive me for going away with you."

"Oh, yes, he will. Would you care a great deal if he didn't?"

She pressed my arm, and I knew it was all right. We started off, leaving the other car behind us. The moon had come up by this time, and we had a glorious ride to the lake, and followed the shore around to the club-house.

Can you imagine the surprise of Edith and the rest on seeing us drive up together, especially as George had telephoned only half an hour before, that his car and Will Stuart's had both been stuck near Minnetonka Mills. It seemed that Will Stuart couldn't get gasoline at Minnetonka Mills, and had gone on to Excelsior, where George had found him in the garage just ready to set out. They

had rented a car, and by this time were probably back where they had left us.

All thought at the club that it was a fine joke on the others, and as a reward for my nerve, voted unanimously that Louise should be my partner for the evening. Louise raised no objections, and after a few minutes' preparation, I took her out to dinner.

When about half through, we heard the noise of a motor. Rushing out, we welcomed the tardy ones. They both gave a sigh of relief when they saw Louise and me. Explanations were in order, and I was soon forgiven. They told how they had come back together from Excelsior and were naturally puzzled as well as worried, when they found us gone and one car missing. They looked for us some little time, but finally gave it up, and went on in George's car, hoping to find the solution of the riddle at the club-house.

Will consented to my having Louise as my partner, and I had a most enjoyable evening.

My last thought that evening was, that in the case of Will Stuart, at least, "There was many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

CARL F. MASSEY,
WARREN F. STRONG.

The Sea Wraith.

Ghostly and gloomy, its robes of grey
 Swaying and swirling in billows vast,
With a soundless tread,
With a presence dread,
As its victims are silently harvested,
As it blots from the waters the light of day,
 Glides the Wraith of the Sea Fog past.

Grim are its portents as o'er the deep
 Swiftly it sweeps while the sea-gull's cry,
And the siren's call
Seek to pierce the wall
Of the eddying fog-wreaths, that rise and fall
On the oily waves as they writhe and creep
 'Neath a desolate fog-bound sky.

Close are the folds of its chill embrace,
 Chill as a pall o'er the ocean thrown,
While the murm'ring seas,
Shrouding mysteries,
Whereof never a mortal shall hold the keys,
Are all closed from our vision to leave no trace,
 And the Sea Fog has claimed its own.

MEIGS O. FROST.

Brown Eyes vs. Blue.

He stood before them with bowed head. Freshies passed by and on into the recitation hall, trying in vain to conceal their smiles behind raised hands. "The Council of Three," before whom he waited, members of the Q. E. D., assumed stern expressions, and the foremost spoke :

"She will be dressed in a riding habit of dark blue, with a colonial hat. Rather dark hair, fixed with a coil and a bow in the back. Brown eyes, and gloves of a light color, one on and one off. And, oh, yes, the hand without the glove will have a diamond ring on third finger. She'll be at the top of the monument at 9.30 tomorrow morning, at the west opening, leaning on the casement, looking out o'er the Potomac——," he closed with a dramatic precision worthy of Shakespeare.

To which the right hand counselor added : "And be sure you propose right, because she'll tell us all about it." The doomed man nodded, bowed himself down before them, and strode off.

In the distance the big monument solemnly stood, as if inwardly grinning to itself at the thought of the little scene on the morrow.

"Why was Washington ever born, anyway," muttered the hastening youth.

* * * * *

The morning dawned in fascinating beauty, kissing the gilded dome of the library, and the gently waving flag on the White House. But most especially it shone on the marble pile of 500 feet, making its great height seem even greater.

As the clock in the Hall a few blocks away from his "dorm" struck eight, the destined Romeo of the tower leaped out of bed, made a hasty toilette and commenced the task of attiring himself. Then he set forth.

As he strolled up the path leading to the monument, he couldn't seem to be able to keep his heart down; it was continually coming up into his throat. He approached the door and looked in with ever-increasing misgiving. The elevator was nearly ready to go up.

"One more!" shouted the operator. The would-be Romeo leaped back and ran around on the other side to think it over.

"You blamed idiot," he said to himself, "wake up. You might as well do it now, you've got to."

Having coaxed up sufficient courage, he ascended with the next crowd, and even assumed a defiant expression. He leaped out lightly and looked around the iron lattice-work of the elevator-shaft. Yes! there she was, leaning daintily on

the casement. Riding habit, colonial hat, dark hair, light gloves, one on and one off. And the ring and the eyes? Well, he couldn't see them, but how could she have such hands, such hair, such a figure and not have brown eyes? And the ring? Well, she probably had the ring all right. Then a thought struck him. What if she had a ring, and on her third finger. What would that mean? Oh, ye gods! was he in the right place. Yes, of course he was, for there was the sun, shining right thru' the opening, and of course the "council" said east. He couldn't help noticing how delightfully pretty her hair was in the sunlight. Then his heart went into rebellion again, and he grew desperate. How in the deuce was he to propose to such a vision. Oh! the frightful agonizing thought of it. He trembled inwardly. He—the greatest football captain any one had seen in seven years. He could butt the red or the blue all over the field, but here he was going down in defeat before the brown! He—a Varsity player for three glorious years, trembling now before a sun-kissed Juliet. Oh! the thought of it. Yet he was helpless. He rushed precipitately into the elevator and descended. He thought it all over, called himself all kinds of names—and went up again. His heart grew rebellious, but not so determined as before, so he walked up and down one side of the little space at the top of the monument, and regained his lost courage.

At last he approached her. She seemed annoyingly interested in something below, for she kept her eyes riveted on something down there, — or at least he thought she did, though, of course, he couldn't see them. He approached as near to her as possible without attracting her attention, knelt before her, and began :

"Dearest," he said, in the carefully coached words of the council, "there is no one in any land, or on any sea, I love so well as I love you."

She looked down at him, with the most wonderfully surprised eyes, apparently surprised only because of this interruption of her thoughts, and not because she noticed the bizarre costume prescribed by the council.

He vaguely remembered that he thought her eyes were brown, but they were indeed blue, and of such a delightful shade that he became lost in contemplation of them, until he was recalled by a slight twitching of the mouth, as though she were actually laughing at him, whereupon he recovered, and remembered his duty.

"Wilt thou allay my broken spirit by consenting to be my Venus?" he continued.

"Sir," said she, "you have made some mistake. I know nothing of the reason for your doing this."

"Why must she make it so much harder," he thought. "Confound them, they didn't tell me what to say in case of this."

"Oh, most beautiful aphrodite," he burst forth, "for some reason, I know not what to say; but will you not, by your generosity, become——?"

"You blamed fool," said some voice behind him, strangely familiar, "cut it out." He leaped up to face the "council," with apparently the real Juliet in their midst. They stood, embarrassed, with their hats in their hands, before this *real* overpowering Juliet, while the original Juliet, whom the suppliant Romeo recognized as one of his classmates, grinned sheepishly.

"Fellows," said he, "I made a horrible mistake this morning. I'll see you later." Then they, with appealing eyes toward the bewildered blue-eyed nymph, with the best good will, left them alone, as they properly should. He turned to her.

"My name is Gleason," said he.

And then, because she recognized him for what he was, which is the reward of fame, she silently handed him her card, which read, "Miss Hereford," and he recognized her as the girl he had met at the inaugural ball.

He glanced at her left hand—the one with the glove off. The third finger was as yet unconquered!

J. C. THOMAS.

To _____

Before I met you there was not
A single thought of care,
But now the care that is my lot
Becomes too strong to be forgot,
I only wish to know my lot
Enough this care to bear.

But I just wait, and sigh, and guess,
And dream, and long for you;
But not because I love you less,
Because I fear you won't say yes
Is why I dream, and hope, and guess;
Enough, for—I love you !

“FAC.”

Was It All In the Letter ?

At four-thirty on an afternoon in Oct. 1874, two students of Phillips Academy could have been seen sauntering down Main Street, just below Morton. They were both tall and well built, but one was dark, with heavy black eyebrows that overshadowed a pair of piercing brown eyes. His name was George Beekman. The other was his exact opposite, for Dick Schofield's regular features and twinkling blue eyes were surmounted by light curly locks that contrasted well with the jet blackness of his friend. They were room-mates, these two, thrown together by chance and, as many others have done under the same circumstances, they had established a firm friendship which lasted throughout the remainder of their lives. By their manner it was easy to see they were "preps."

But why were they walking down Main Street on this particular afternoon? The answer to this question was on the street just a few yards in front of the boys. Two girls, "fem sems" beyond doubt, were also sauntering down the street. The "preps," however, kept at a respectful distance and seemed to centre their gaze on the girl on the outside, whom a

closer scrutiny revealed as well worth their attention. She was a brunette of striking beauty, with eyes that made a fellow feel as if he could run a mile in four minutes if they were looking on. She was just the right height, with hands and feet one would call petite. Her figure was adorable, and she was dressed in such good taste that one really could not tell what she wore.

George Beekman and Dick Schofield had seen this fair one exactly five times since school had opened, and they were both smitten deeply with "Love at first sight." The great question was, how to meet her. They were getting desperate, as no way opened before them, for neither was lucky enough to have a convenient sister attending Abbot Academy. Dick Schofield had been fortunate enough to discover her first name. He had been following her up-town at a distance of half a block, when he noticed something white flutter from the pocket of her coat. He hurried his steps and discovered that the little white spot on the stone sidewalk was a dainty lace handkerchief and in the corner was the embroidered name "Catherine." The girls were not so far ahead but that he could overtake them and return the lost article. Dick's heart was beating wildly in his throat as he blushing handed the handkerchief to the equally embarrassed girl.

Several days later the two knight-errants heard from some of the other fellows that the name of the girl in question

was Lowe—Catherine Lowe of Hartford, Connecticut, and they found to their chagrin that they were not the only aspirants for the favor of the “queen” from below the hill. Others were on the same track, old men with records in the “fussing” world. The result was that our two young hopefuls were down in the mouth for some time. Still, the sight of the young girl tripping lightly along the street would be the one bright spot in a whole week of drudgery. They were certainly infatuated, if such a thing is possible in lads of eighteen.

An unexpected occurrence happened a week or two later which entirely completed the conquest of their boyish hearts. One afternoon Miss Lowe was walking alone along the street. The boys, according to their usual custom, were following some two or three hundred yards in the rear, bemoaning their hard fate, for fortune had not yet favored them with an introduction. Suddenly, hearing a little scream, they looked and saw Miss Lowe lying flat on the ground. The high heel of her little colonial pump had caught in a crack in the sidewalk and her ankle had received a bad wrench. She fainted after the little scream. The boys were the only people in sight, and they were nothing loath to go to her rescue.

They removed the offending shoe and gently lifted the unconscious girl. Making a chair of their hands, they bore her quickly along the street toward the

"fem sem." Luckily, it was not more than a block away, but before they arrived at the entrance of that sacred driveway, Miss Lowe regained consciousness.

Her first words were, "Why did I wear those pumps? Miss Bean told me I would ——," but she did not finish the sentence, for she suddenly realized that she was in the arms of two very good-looking and athletic young gentlemen, who carried her as if she were as light as a feather. Her surprise and mortification can well be imagined, and the young men were not entirely free from embarrassment.

"I don't even know your names," she exclaimed, shyly.

"My name is Beekman," quickly responded George.

"And mine's Schofield," followed Dick.

This helped to relieve the situation somewhat, but Miss Lowe's ankle pained her too much for further conversation. Arriving at the door of the Abbot Academy, the boys were relieved of their only too welcome burden. Miss Lowe's gratitude was chiefly expressed by a glance from those bewitching eyes. At any rate the boys were hers from that moment on.

Thus began a friendship, which, starting in prep school, continued on through college and out into later life. If one had chanced to call on Miss Catherine Lowe at her home in Hartford on any

Sunday afternoon, no matter what season of the year, one would seldom have failed to find George Beekman and Dick Schofield there.

* * * * *

Ten years had passed. George Beekman and Dick Schofield were both successful lawyers in New York. They had built up for themselves a very prosperous business, so that each felt that it was time to assume the responsibility of a wife. Each planned to spend his Thanksgiving in Hartford with their old friend Catherine Lowe. George, in his quiet way, kept his plans to himself, while Dick, the talkative one, was on the verge of telling his secret forty times a day. When they both met on the same train for Hartford, one could hardly say they were surprised, for they had become accustomed to this sort of thing by this time. It had happened too often.

Catherine had kept the two boys under her fingertips successfully for ten happy years, as only an attractive girl can do. She never really showed partiality to either. Neither could say that he was the favored one. It was always a "toss-up" between the two, even in Catherine's mind. She never could decide whether she liked the quiet, dignified Beekman better than the bright, witty and verbose Schofield, or vice versa. However, she knew that the time was soon coming when she must make her choice between them. They were men now, and soon would be ready to be married. She well knew that

both, if given a chance, would, as they had done many times before, press their individual suits in their own individual ways during this coming Thanksgiving vacation. That is just what they did. Of course, we cannot know all the circumstances of the courting, but, unluckily, in the midst of the festivities of Thanksgiving time, a telegram came for George Beekman, calling him back to New York. It was with a disappointed air that he boarded the train for home, for it seemed as if Catherine had been cold to him and had listened more attentively to Dick's bright sallies than to his more sober ideas. This feeling grew on him more and more as the hours passed by. In a day or two Dick also returned to work, and he seemed to be so up in the clouds that George knew he would have to fight and fight hard to win Catherine for his wife. The two men, however, were still friends. It would take more than this to sever that friendship.

George Beekman was not the sort which is easily beaten. He would not give up all hope until he was sure she had accepted Dick. Several days later the postman handed a letter to Miss Catherine Lowe, which was addressed in a very familiar handwriting. She opened the letter and read. Then she began at the beginning and read it again. Each time, big tears welled up in her eyes. That letter was wonderful. No ordinary man could have written it. Each time she read it, it seemed more beautiful to

her than before, and she thought that any man who could write such a letter was certainly worthy of a woman's love. Her heart began to beat wildly as she realized that she had been about to refuse the author.

"How could I?" was the question that was uppermost in her mind.

"I wont," was the answer, and the immediate result was two telegrams. One read:

Mr. Richard Schofield,
39 West —th Street,
New York City.

My final and positive answer is "No." Have written.

CATHERINE.

The other read:

Mr. George Beekman,
39 West —th Street,
New York City.

Please come and see me as soon as possible.

CATHERINE.

The next train for Hartford went all too slowly for one man who sat reading and re-reading a telegram which he handled so tenderly that his fellow travellers inferred that it must be a very valuable piece of paper. However, the man was absolutely oblivious to his surroundings.

Two week's later the announcement of Miss Catherine Lowe's engagement was made to her friends. Some were disappointed, others were elated to find that George Beekman was the lucky one. At any rate, they were married, Dick Schofield acting as best man, with Sarah Hastings, the girl who was with

Catherine on the day Dick found the handkerchief, as bridesmaid. To say that George and Catherine were happy is needless, for what newly-wedded couple is not blissfully happy? And so again we leave them in their happiness.

* * * * *

It is the Christmas season of 1904. Twenty years have passed over the heads of the loving couple since we last left them. George Beekman and his wife are still enjoying the prime of life. He has gained prominence in the business world by his own consistent efforts. She has won popularity in the social world by her charming manner.

On Christmas Eve she is sitting by the fire in her husband's study. A recent illness has left her a trifle pale, but her eyes shine with the brilliancy of old as she glances through a well worn book, which bears the name of George Beekman on the fly leaf. But look, her gaze has centered; familiar words have caught her eyes. Her face grows paler as she reads a letter from the hero of the book to his betrothed. For a moment sharp anguish pierces her heart. Can it be so? Is this the same letter she received from George twenty years ago? She refuses to believe her eyes until she has rushed to the garret, and, delving deep into an old trunk, found the wonderful letter that has meant so much to her through all these years. She compares the two. They are certainly the same. The old letter is but

a copy of the one in the book, with the names changed.

Her agitation was interrupted by the sound of her husband's footsteps in the hall and his hearty voice calling her to him. A catch of her breath, and then oblivion. She has fainted. The intensity of her emotions has been too great for her, in her weakened condition.

Very tenderly her husband cares for the wife that is so dear to him, little knowing that she has discovered the subterfuge by which he won her. Slowly consciousness returns, with a realization of his tender care. She sees the light of love shining from his eyes, and then remembers her determination to make him explain, but as she gazes into those eyes and realizes how dear to each other they are, she decides then and there to keep the secret in her own heart. Their life has been too happy to break in upon its happiness now. Tears pour from her eyes when she thinks of what she has so nearly done, as the loving husband reaches down and, unquestioning, gathers her in his arms.

PASCAL FRANCHOT.



A Sketch.

The afterglow of the setting sun has hardly disappeared from the western horizon. The mountains, black and sombre, stand outlined clearly against a sky where, slowly, star after star is claiming its right to shine again. A sheet of water, placid, calm and beautiful, lies nestling at the foot of the mountains. The evening is warm, and the air is heavy with the "good night" scent of a mid-summer day.

Around the shores of the lake, here and there, lights are beginning to flicker faintly from the few camps, but, even as you look, the moon rises slowly in the east, throwing a path of gold across the water.

A canoe glides noiselessly out from the shadow of the shore, and as it passes into the flood of light, its two occupants are sharply outlined. A young girl, scarcely twenty, with a face delicately beautiful, shaded by a cloud of soft dark hair, occupies the bow of the canoe.

A man, not over twenty, broad-shouldered and with clean-cut features, sits in the stern, and with a long sweeping stroke he sends the slender craft rapidly through the water. They head for an extending point, and as they near it the

canoe slackens its speed and slowly drifts. They listen without speaking.

Far away, the faint hoot of an owl quavers through the distance; nearer, the plaintive whip-poor-will flings his song at the hills, where the echo sadly sends it back to him. Once the weird, half-sad, half-happy call of the loon laughs through the stillness. Now and then a musk-rat, swimming rapidly about in search of food, finds himself surprised at his own boldness, and dives with a loud splash. And suddenly a deer, driven to the water by the heat, comes out on the shore, drinks, scents the canoe, and dashes away frightened.

* * * * *

And then, borne by the girl's clear, sweet voice, Sabesky's beautiful love song rises softly on the air, and as she reaches the chorus it seems to the man as though all nature must join in that divine "I love you, I love you, 'tis all my heart will say." The song ceases, and all the voices of the night seem for the moment hushed. The lake in its smoothness rivals heaven with its reflected myriads of stars, the owl resumes its warning questioning, the whip-poor-will continues its mournful song. But as the canoe glides to shore and they leave each other, she whispers, softly, "Good night, dear."

The lake and mountains seem to take up the words, and through all the universe, for him, the very stars seem to whisper, "Good night, dear."

NEWTON H. FOSTER.

The Christmas Dilemma.

The festive season draweth nigh
Which causeth father oft to sigh,
And with a furtive, haunted look,
Consults his bank and pocketbook.
The time has come for Christmas dough,
And this makes father's spirits low,
For well he knows that everyone
Will come up with his plea for "mon."
Presents for sisters, for brothers, for cousins,
Presents for uncles and aunts by the dozens,
Presents for cook, for butler, for teacher,
Presents for friends, for valet and preacher,
Presents for boot-black and office boy,
Presents for janitor, causing him joy.
Presents for clerk, presents for postman,
Presents for groom, presents for coachman,
Presents for butcher, for grocer, for baker,
In fact nearly all, save the undertaker.
Now, gentle reader, has Pa not a reason
To be down in the mouth about Christmas season?
But every year, on December first,
He counts his coin and prepares for the worst.

A. M. B.

The Blessing of "Tru- ant Hearts."

In a little attic room, there is seated a man. He is leaning over a table writing. Now and then, with a wild air, he runs his fingers through his already disheveled hair. He makes wild gestures, and you can hear him mutter strange words. But he is not a madman, he is only a poet. Look, he jumps from his chair with a wild cry. "At last!" he cries,

"She is an ethereal goddess,
A vision of heaven-sent dreams,
The incarnation of——"

What was that? A knock at the door. See how angry he is, as he tears the letter to pieces and throws it on the floor.

"More bills!" he groans, and then resumes his seat at the table with a look of despair.

But see! he has another inspiration.

"And what is so rare as a day in jail?
Then, if ever, come unpleasant days,
Then judges try men if they have no bail,
And say to them softly, 'Thirty days.'
Every ——"

What, another knock? How angry he is this time as he throws his hands above his head, exclaiming, "Ye Gods! More bills."

At last he is seated again at the table. See the inspired light come into his eyes. Listen; he speaks again.

"Oh Jim he was a funny man,
He killed his sister, wife and brother,
And when his father scolded him,
He said, "I d like to kill my mother!"

What, still another knock? Look, he grabs his inkwell and hurls it at the head of the poor boy; the boy drops the letter and runs. With slow and weary steps he goes to the letter, he picks it up and reads it. Heavens! He yells louder than ever before; he rushes madly through the door; hear him flying down the stairs. He must have received some awful news. A death in the family, or some other terrible thing. But see, he has left the letter. Let us read it.

MR. SCRIPTUM.

Dear Sir:—We accept your poem entitled "Truant Hearts." Enclosed find check for fifty dollars.

Yours truly,

ANYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

"FAC."



Fate.

I gazed into her deep brown eyes,
I stroked her soft brown hair.
Her look—how sweet it seemed to me,
As we stood together there !
The beautiful light from the setting sun
Still shone on her lovely form ;
I stood enraptured at the stile,
While the blood through my veins pulsed warm.
Her breath was like the new mown hay ;
And I thought that I was sure
I never before had seen a maid
So surpassingly fair and pure.
I coaxed her more importunately :
“If I could but break her will!”
I thought to myself,—then quick as a flash,
I went kiting down the hill.
Yes, kiting, fair reader, that is the word ;
For I swooped and I swerved and I jumped,
At last, against a boulder,
My unfortunate head I bumped.
I shook my fist at her wildly,
And anger was in my blood!--
But alas! my case was hopeless,
For she peacefully munched her cud!

W. GRISWOLD BEACH.

Leaves from Phillips' Ivy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.

✓ '48—Samuel Lawrence Minot died at Malden, November 28, at the age of 79 years. His life work was that of a civil engineer and he had filled many important positions. He had entire charge of the construction of the Fall River and Newport extension of the Old Colony system, he had been chief engineer of the Boston & Providence R. R., he prepared the accepted designs for the elevation of the tracks of the Providence division, thus abolishing grade crossings in Boston. He served as expert engineer for the Boston & Lowell R. R.

✓ '48—Dr. Jonathan L. Noyes was born in Windham, N. H., June 13, 1827, and died of heart disease at Faribault, Minn., October 2, 1905. He graduated from Yale in 1852, taught for six years in the Philadelphia Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, in the school for the deaf at Baton Rouge, La., for two years, in 1866 was appointed Superintendent of the Minn. School for the Deaf, where he remained for thirty years, retiring in 1896.

'58—The works of the poet George Herbert have been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in three volumes, edited by Professor George H. Palmer of Harvard University.

✓ '70—Rockwell King died in Chicago, July 27, 1905.

'72—George N. Cross, who resigned last June the principalship of the Robinson Female Seminary at Exeter, is now living at 152 Main street, Haverhill.

'73—Rev. Arthur H. Pearson is a pastor at Union, Me.

✓ '75—Frank Pearson, a life-long resident of Andover and a successful farmer, died at his home on October 25, 1905.

'79—Married in Andover, November 8, 1905, Frank Ellsworth Bailey and Miss Bertha A. Chandler.

'89—Clarence Morgan, a present trustee of Phillips, living at Burlington, Vt., is professor in the railroad and transportation department of McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

'91—Gorham K. King, president of the Cone & Kimball Co. of Red Bluff, California, has recently been elected president of the Red Bluff & Fall River R. R.

'92—Delancy Morrell Halbert, Jr., died Dec. 24, 1904, at Chicago, Ill. For eight years he had been dramatic editor of the Chicago Evening Post.

'92—Rev. George E. Lake, recently of Chester, is pastor at Chelsea, Vt.

'93—Robert C. Gilmore and Mrs. Arabella Allen Keith were married Nov. 4, 1905, at Highland Park, Ill.

'93—Sherman R. Hall is general manager of the Missouri & Kansas Telephone Co.

'93—In Summit, N. J., November 8, 1905, occurred the marriage of Miss Anne Ridgeway Milliken to Dr. Gerry Rounds Holden.

'94—The wedding of Rev. Henry James Bennett and Miss Anna W. Jones took place in Philadelphia July 31, 1905. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett are living in Okayama, Japan, as missionaries of the American Board.

'99—Richmond Mortimer Levering and Miss Laura Barnum were married November 8, 1905, at Mamaroneck, N. Y.

'00—Emerson Latting is with the Standard Oil Co. His address is 37 East 49th street, New York City.

Exchanges.

The Line Men.

The Full he may punt for fifty odd,
The Half he may buck for five,
The Quarter's the brain behind every gain
And he keeps the team alive,
But when the tiers are a-rock with cheers,
And the air's like a nip o' wine,
Here's a toast to the souls who open the holes
Down in the muck of the line.

Tense is the grimy crouching foe,
Tense is the straining crowd,
Trampled and torn is the turf below,
When the signals bark cracks loud,
Here's an eye for an eye, and it's do or die !
Your bone and his bone must meet
In the crash on crash as the giants dash
To the goal of the foe's defeat.

The yards are twenty before the goal,
Each breath is a sobbing sigh,
And it's up to the Line Men to pay the toll
That lets the Half-back by.
Your teeth are set, but you're not gone yet,
Though your moleskin's a weight of lead,
For the yards must pass on the trampled grass
And the ball go ever ahead.

The yards are five with the goal behind ;
So near—but the line holds fast.
No place for a shirk for it's two men's work—
“Hold hard!”—for the pace can't last.
Hand, tooth and nail and it MUST avail,
As the crashing pile sways o'er.
And it's far from the top that the Line Men stop
Ere it's “Up!” and “Hold!” once more.

The Full has his hands outstretched afar,
The Ends they are widely spread;
Your men must be quick to block the kick,
And you must play with your head.
And with the roar that tells of the score
Your heart and soul are aflame.
Though the wild stands call for the man with
the ball,
You played your part in the game.

The Full may punt for fifty odd,
The Half he may buck for five,
The Quarters the brain behind every gain
And he keeps the team alive.
But when the tiers are a-rock with cheers,
And the air's like a nip o' wine,
Here's a toast to the souls who open the holes
Down in the muck of the line.

W. R. BENET.

—[In Yale Courant.

The Governor—My boy, I hear you
have been seen with some chorus girls.

The Boy—Who told you—the chorus
girls?—[Smart Set.

'08—I hear Yale's star halfback met
with a terrible end today.

'09—Is that so?

'08—Yes, and the end threw him for a
loss of five yards.—[Harvard Lampoon.

She—Who is that man down there?

He—Oh, he plays full.

She—He doesn't, a—imbibe.—[Har-
vard Lampoon.

“That's beside the point,” said the
small boy, as he thrust an extra inch into
his little brother.—[Harvard Lampoon.

Editorial.

Now that the season of outdoor sports has drawn to a close, and our minds are filled with thoughts of Christmas vacation and term exams., it seems fitting to say a word in regard to the happenings of the winter term. It is essentially a term of preparation. Although we have the basket ball team to cheer, there still remains much surplus energy that can well be directed into many channels. Then is the time when the prospective Means and Draper speaker prepares for his appearance in the spring term. Then the debater gets the training necessary to his success in the final contests. And then, also, should be the time when the manuscripts for *The Mirror* should become most numerous. With our compulsory exercise limited to three hours a week in the gym., there is much outside time in which to read and dream—and write. And so, with the assistance of the writers of the school, we hope to raise the standard of *The Mirror*, to follow even higher in the ranks of preparatory school magazines than those which have already appeared.

Within the last week, arrangements have been completed between committees representing the debating interests of Andover and Exeter, making the first

Andover-Exeter debate now an assured fact. It will take place at Exeter, April 28, 1906. The debating societies at both Andover and Exeter have long wished for such an arrangement, and it is to be hoped that this will be the first debate of a series lasting as long as the two schools continue to meet in annual contests. The rivalry between these two schools has long been viewed as representing the best type of interscholastic contest, and it is only fitting that, when we have for so long met our friends from New Hampshire upon the gridiron, the diamond and the track, we should match intellects as well as muscles. And now let every Andover man who has the least ability in debating, come out in either Forum or Philo and work for the team which will meet Exeter. For the men who make that team are as truly representing Andover as is any athlete who in times past has upheld the blue and white.

We take pleasure in announcing the following elections to the Mirror Board: Assistant business manager, Barry Crowell Ritchie, '07; and assistant managing editor, F. A. Conklin, '08.

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The current year begins September 20, 1905, with vacations at Christmas and Easter.

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The income of benevolent funds and scholarship endowments amounts to five thousand dollars a year.

The present needs of the Academy are funds for building, for teachers' salaries, and for general current expenses. For further information and for copies of the annual catalogue, address,

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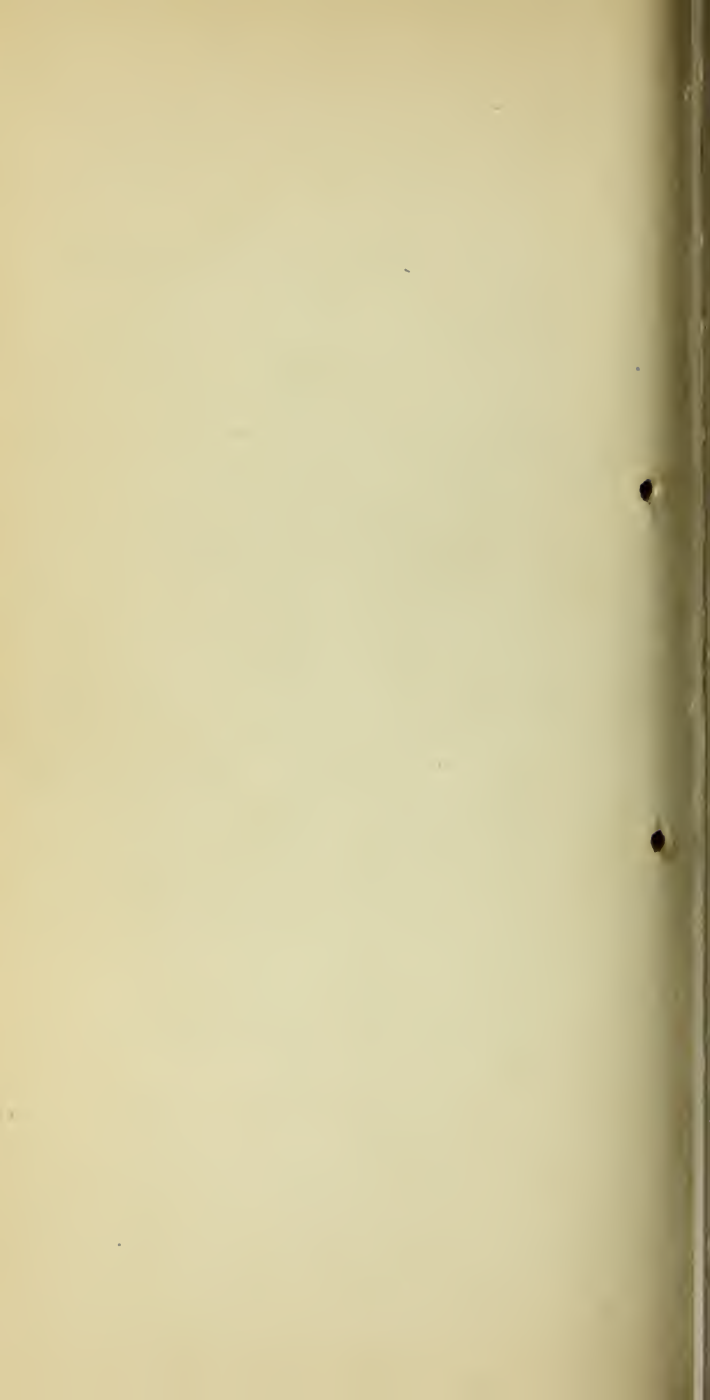
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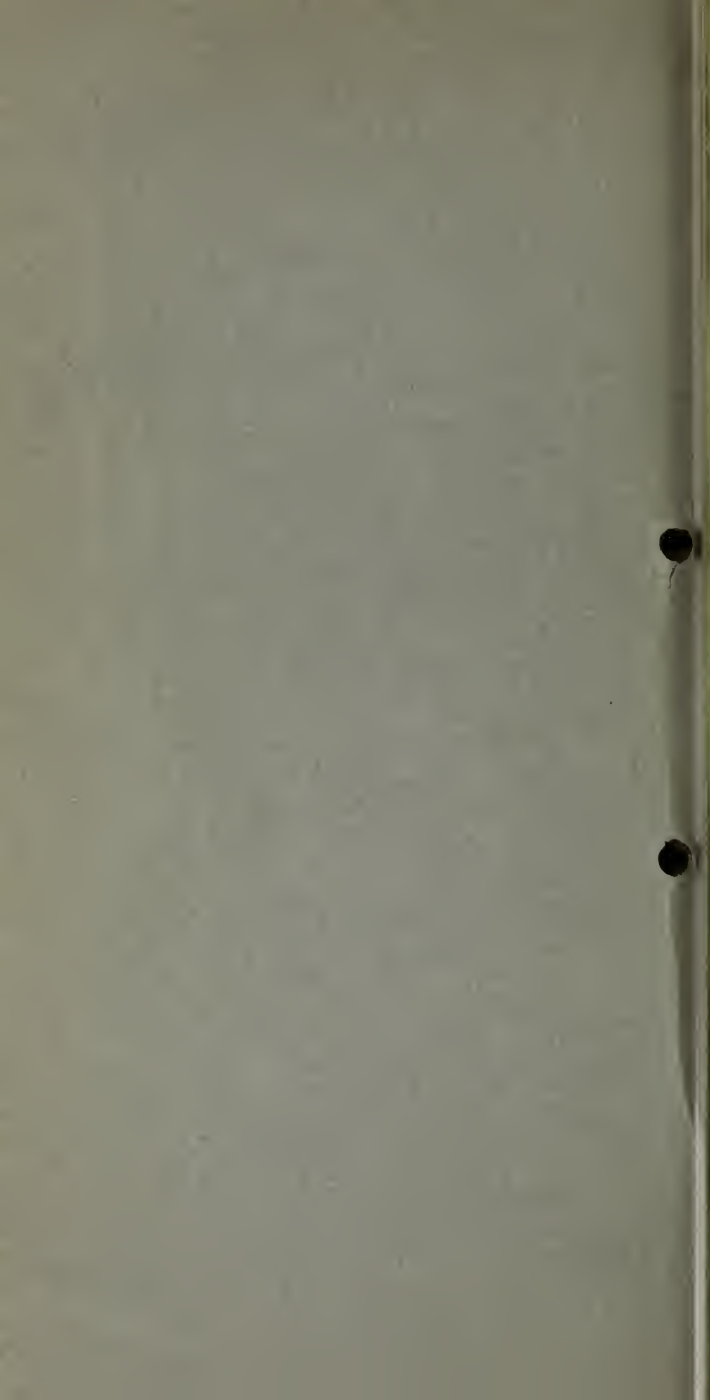
The Phillips Andover Mirror.

January,

1906.



Andover, Massachusetts.



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Editorial.

THE
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No. 4

Prospecting for Gold.

(Means Prize Essay, 1905. First Prize.)

IT was late afternoon, the sun was sending its last rays across the vast expanse of snow. The intense cold of the northern night was settling down.

In a miner's cabin on the mountain side an old man lay dying. As the golden light of the setting sun flooded the one window of the shack, he groaned and turned his eyes from it.

When the sunlight was gone, he called to him a tall, roughly clad youth, who was busy preparing supper. The young man approached the bunk, and seated himself.

The aged miner, though wasted by sickness, gave the impression of one who in his best days had been a powerful man. In his weather beaten face were the traces of a fight with strong passions, while in his eyes there still lingered a keen light. He might have been sixty, but was probably nearer seventy years of age.

"Lad," said he, "I have come mighty near to the end of the trail. However,

I ain't afraid to go. But before I leave I want to give you a bit of advice.

"I be quite a bit older than you, Lad, and I have traveled this old world pretty well over prospecting for gold dust.

"I've dug in Australia, fought fever in South America, and bad men in California. I've burned on the desert and frozen here in the North. I've staked claims, dug, drilled, washed and worked for gold pretty near everywhere. And I ain't been none too square about it either. I've drank and gambled.'" Here the old man raised on his elbow, and a peculiar light came into his eyes.

"Boy, in pursuit of this cursed, shining stuff, I have seen pretty near every kind of sin that's known. And I tell you it ain't worth the price; it aint worth the price." Here the speaker paused and breathed hard.

"You've known me for three years, as a law-abiding man. What I've told you, I never told to any other; but them days is past.

"However, I've found that there is more than one way of getting gold out of the earth. It ain't always to be got at with the pick and shovel and washing pan.

"A long time ago, across the sea, there lived a prospector who told folks about this gold, which was in a narrow gulch. But the gulch was so straight and narrow and the gold so hard to mine that there wasn't many who was willing to go through and prospect for the pay dirt.

However, some did, and got as high as sixty and a hundred per cent pure gold.

"One prospector, I reckon his name was John, got to the other end of the canon where he saw a city where the streets was pure gold.

"Now Lad, them men are all gone, but the gulch is still there and the pay dirt is still there.

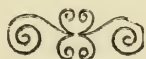
"The head prospector has left a chart that's got the whole strip staked out." At this point the old man drew a worn Testament from his coarse shirt.

"Take it, Lad." The young man took the little volume. The old man's voice was husky now.

"Good bye, Lad, I am going over the great divide tonight." And he was gone.

The young man raised his bowed head and strode out into the cold night air. The stars were just coming out. Down in the valley he could hear the roar of the river. As he listened, and gazed out into the clear night, he too resolved to find the Eldorado.

Neal Townley Childs, P. A. '05.



The Thief and the Squire.

A maiden fair,
Upon the stair,
Once sat up very late.
"Not all alone?"
I hear you drone,
Oh no, she had a mate.

The time it flew,
The clock struck two,
The maiden looked dismayed;
She shook her head
And then she said,
"Oh, see how late you've stayed!"

"I did not know
That it was so,"
The brilliant youth replied;
"The time doth fly,
And so must I,"
And as he rose he sighed.

"Is this your hat?"
"Oh no, not that,
I don't wear number nine ;
Where it can be
I do not see,
Not one of them is mine."

"Oh, dear, I know,
You've got to go
Clear up in father's room,
Upon the bed,
I think you said,
You left it there this noon."

The brave youth winced,
He was convinced
That papa loved him not;
If by mistake
Pa should awake,
He feared it might be hot.

With stealthy tread,
And no small dread,
He entered papa's room ;
His hat was there
Upon a chair,
But he tripped on a broom.

In vain his feet
He tried to keep,
Alas, he was not able ;
There was a smash,
A mighty crash,
A chair and then a table.

On hands and knees
The youth did squeeze
Under the big oak bed ;
And trembling lay,
In great dismay,
His arms about his head.

The squire cried out,
And poked about,
With his big riding boot :
"Hi there, ye thief,
Come out from 'neath
My bed, or I will shoot!"

The maid below,
Quite scared did grow,
At what was taking place ;
So loud she screamed,
To pa it seemed,
Some danger she must face.

The old squire thought
Of course he ought
His helpless daughter save ;
So down he went,
On rescue bent,
For he was very brave.

The maiden blushed,
And looked quite fussed,
When papa came down mad ;
"Oh, father dear,
Why are you here,
And so improper clad?"

With chattering teeth,
From underneath
The bed the youth then came
A thought he had
Which made him glad,
And braver he became.

Both left and right,
With all his might,
The furniture he threw ;
An awful roar
Came through the door
Before the youth was through.

He then came down,
With haughty frown,
To those who were below ;
"How's this, young man,"
The squire began,
"Now I would like to know —"

" 'Twas nothing, sir,"
With lofty air,
Then interrupts the youth ;
"The thief I caught,
And when he fought
I threw him out, forsooth."

"Now that I see
Your bravery,
I will object no more ;
Take her, my son,
I make you one,
And bless you evermore."

"FAC."

Bull, Bear and Lamb.

THE library—a room of dark-paneled walls, inviting nooks and massive, comfortable furniture—was lighted by the glow from the fire-place. Its two occupants, a man of sixty and a boy of twenty, who had been sitting by the fire, now rose suddenly. The older one, with an impatient movement, turned on the lights. The incandescent globes in their soft crimson shades gave to the room an air of contented quiet greatly at variance with the attitudes of the two. Finally the old man spoke, slowly and with an air of decision.

“Jack,” said he, “You’ve disappointed me. I would almost say you’ve quit, only our family hasn’t been in the habit of producing quitters. You have had every advantage; prep. school, college. I haven’t objected when bills for damages have come in, because I’ve been through all that myself, and college men haven’t changed much at the bottom, even in fifty years. But when you come to me and say that you don’t see the necessity of starting in as a stock clerk, and won’t take orders from my manager because he’s the sort of a man who wears a fifteen dollar suit and a ready made neck-tie, that’s going a little too far. So you say you can’t stand the office grind. It

bores you and you want to get out of routine work and have a seat on the Exchange. Now if you think I'm going to establish you in the Street at your age, it reflects somewhat on your powers of observation."

Here he paused a moment and his son answered hotly, "But I'm only doing the routine work in the office, and I've had about enough of it. If you would give me a start in the Street I know I could see it through, and I'd stand for the consequences."

"Nonsense," broke in the old man, testily. "Don't talk that sort of rot to me. Why if you broke loose I'd have you around asking for an allowance before the month was up. You will have to commence where I did, at the bottom. At your age you couldn't make a success of it even if I did buy a seat for you."

"Do you mean that?" said the young fellow, an angry flush mounting to his forehead.

"I usually mean what I say," answered his father, with forced calmness. "Now see here, young man, you take a week off and think it over. I'm willing to forget this foolishness, and at the end of the week you can take up your old place at the office. If you won't do that, then I wash my hands of you."

The only reply was the slamming of the door as the boy went out.

* * * * *

"Good Lord, Jack, what's the trouble?"

said a young fellow breathlessly, as he clapped him on the shoulder. "Here I've chased you a block, and you haven't even looked around when I shouted."

"Oh, was that you?" gloomily asked Jack. "I thought it was the applause of an enthusiastic populace."

"Oh, cut it out!" disgustedly interrupted the other. "Come on up to the club and pour your woes into my sympathetic ear, over a cold bottle." So they went up to the grill-room, and there, at a secluded table, the tale of Jack's troubles came to light.

"So you see, Bert," concluded Jack, "It looks as if I was up against that beastly clerk-ship for the next five years, unless I can convince the governor that I've got it in me before then."

Bert slowly emptied his glass, and lit a cigarette with a deliberation which betokened deep thought. "Hold on, Jack," he said abruptly, "This time the goods are with us. Did you know that your governor and mine are planning a little raid on the street? They've already got all the R. L. & M. and P. & St. L. stock cornered, and they need the control of the D. & S. to complete their little merger. I got this from dad's secretary, who loosened up a little, last night, after he started on his second bottle. Now their stunt is to dump onto the market what D. & S. they already have, and when the stock has slumped to about 70, they're going to scoop it in and get all

they need. But they've got to get it anyway to make the merger. Comprenez?"

A grin of comprehension spread over Jack's face, and he grasped Bert's hand fervently. "Bully for you, old man," said he, "'Nough said. I'm wise."

The next morning found Jack in one of the offices of the street, watching the ticker with intense interest. In his pocket was a check for the ten thousand dollars his grandmother had left to him, and he chuckled gleefully as he thought how paltry that sum would be in comparison with what he would have when this deal was finished. And the governor was going to be the lamb this time. That was the best part of it. Then he turned his attention to the ticker, and as he watched, all other interests faded from his mind. D. & S. was dropping. Opening at 148 it went down point by point, until by noon it had reached 96. Jack rushed out for a hasty lunch, and returned at once to the office. Great was his joy when he saw D. & S. still going down, as block after block of stock was emptied on the market. But he kept his head and waited as the afternoon wore away. Then, at last, it reached the point he had set in his mind as a limit, and he invested his ten thousand on a liberal margin. The purchase of this block of stock seemed to stop the downward trend and the market closed with D. & S. at 65, Jack's purchasing figure. He hurried home rejoicing. D. & S. had sunk five points below the prophesied figure. In

the morning he would have the fun of seeing the governor try to buy it at 65, and then the bull market would commence. Well, he would let him off easy this time. He would be satisfied to sell at about 100. And then he tried to figure, mentally, the profit on ten thousand dollars on a rise of 35.

At dinner he was too excited to eat much, but as the meal progressed he looked across the table at his father, and a sudden pity touched him. It was hardly fair to tax the governor that way. He would tell him about the deal and show him that he wasn't the only one in the family with a head for business. The governor couldn't back, as he needed that stock for his merger. So he opened tentatively.

"Somewhat of a flurry in D. & S. today."

"Well, yes," answered the old man. "She did slump some, and someone tried to check it with a fair-sized order through their brokers. But when we unload the balance of our stock to-morrow, it's going to sink through to 25 or thereabouts. If that buyer went in on margin and can't back it up with a good balance in his bank-book, he's going to be squeezed pretty tight in a bear market."

The lights, glass and silver of the dinner table whirled round in a mad dance before Jack's eyes. Then that drunken secretary had given Bert the wrong figures! "Dad," he gasped, his voice sound-

ing strange in his own ears, "Dad, I bought that order of D. & S. myself!

"You damned fool," was his father's sole comment.

* * * * *

Doubtless this explains what puzzled many brokers; why the old firm of Walston & Co. bought up all the D. & S. available at 65, when they could have run it far below that price before investing. It may also throw light upon the reason for the following notice in the Alumni Weekly of Jack's university:

" '03 — John P. Walston is now with the firm of Walston & Co, bankers and brokers of Wall St., New York, as a stock clerk."

Meigs O. Frost.



What Should Be the Attitude of the United States Toward China?

(Means Prize Essay, 1905. Third Prize.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON originally formulated the Foreign Policy of the United States. He advanced a doctrine of isolation, and warned the statesmen of the struggling Republic against entangling alliances with European powers. In Washington's day, however, the United States was a young nation, unable to take her stand with the great world powers, but now she has thrown off her baby clothes, and is one of the greatest nations on the face of the earth. In the days of her youth, she was too far away from Europe for easy communication, but now, owing to improved navigation and the great transatlantic cables, she is a next door neighbor to England, France, and Germany.

As a great nation, the United States has a mission. She can no longer entertain the old policy of isolation. She has a duty to perform in civilizing and educating the world, in spreading her Republican institutions to less fortunate peoples, and in giving other nations the benefit of her commerce.

Fifty years ago Japan was opened to the world by that famous treaty negotiated by Captain Perry. Contrast what Japan is

today with what she was fifty years ago. People used to scoff at the idea of Japan ever becoming a world power, but today she is not only a world power but has over thirty thousand elementary schools, and numerous institutions of higher learning.

And so, what our influence has done for Japan, it can do for China. "The United States," says a former minister to the East, "Holds in China today a position of unprecedented strength and significance. Never before has she been so much respected and trusted there. Never in the history of her foreign relations has she had such a splendid opportunity for the exercise of wholesome political influence, and for the furtherance of legitimate material interests. The reasons for this are not complex,—in diplomacy America is implicitly trusted in China, because her diplomacy is that of truth; in commerce America is everywhere respected in China, because her commerce involves no territorial aggression."

Two hundred Americans, living in China, recently petitioned Secretary Hay to do what he could to have the present obstacles, which confront Chinese students and men of influence who wish to travel in this country, removed, and to be replaced by a hearty welcome in order to stimulate the more intelligent class of Chinese to take advantage of our excellent educational systems. These two hundred Americans very aptly ask,—“Are we to let other nations have the privilege

of moulding the young life of China? Are we to let our nation say in actions stronger than words,—‘We do not desire your students in our institutions of learning, or your young men of wealth and influence to travel in our country?’ ” Our schools are open to the Japanese, to the Filipinos, to the Cubans, to the Porto Ricans, but to the Chinese, who have as much of a claim upon us as some of the others, they are closed. America has ever been the paradise of the emigrant. Athens owed her downfall in great measure to her exclusion of aliens, when at the height of her power. Rome was great because she followed out her policy of enfranchisement. So, the United States would benefit much more than would any other nation from a freer admission of the intelligent classes of Chinamen to our schools.

In the present war between Japan and Russia it is the duty of the United States, and of the other nations, to keep China neutral, and to see that the contending powers do not infringe on that neutrality, for if China should in any way be drawn into that struggle complications would arise which would be a menace to the peace of the entire world. We can see Russia looking, with a greedy eye, upon China. It is the duty of the United States to keep Russia, or any other nation, out of China if their influence is going to be detrimental to the country. She is in no position adequately to protect herself against an organized force. Her armies

are poorly equipped, poorly lead, and poorly disciplined.

If in exerting an influence for good we keep our own hands clean and everything above board, unlimited benefits will come to us. The greater part of the immense commerce of China, which is only an atom of what it should be, will be carried on with the United States. The products of her coal, silver, and gold mines will swell the commerce of the world, bringing prosperity to all peoples alike.

We have already met with success in our efforts to bring this vast country into the community of nations, but a hard task still confronts us. There are vast numbers of adults in China who can neither read nor write, and have no education whatever. The work is done by hand. The fields are tilled with obsolete tools. Contrast this condition with that of Japan. The schools which have already been started by Americans have been very successful and more are being established continually. It is the plain duty of the United States to see that this work goes on. Let us adhere to that motto of Abraham Lincoln's,—“With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.”

We have planted the stars and stripes on the path of righteousness, and what American, I ask, would pull down those stars and stripes, and what foreigner would dare to do it?

Pascal Franchot.

The Nuisance, the Hat and the Girl.

"Hello—is this Evelyn? Yes. Well, say! I'm going out motoring tomorrow morning. Would you like to go along?"

"Why, yes, Harry, if you care to take me, I'd like to."

"Well, I'll be around at 10. Time enough. . . . I'll take the tonneau off and we'll speed her up a bit."

"All right, Harry, I'll be ready at 10. Goodbye."

Harry, whose last name was Holman, hung up the receiver with a sigh, turned half around and looked meditatively up at a singularly attractive photograph, passe-partouted in dark red, hanging on the wall. The blue eyes, accompanied by a pretty nose, and a mischievous mouth, seemed to be fairly laughing at him.

"Confound it," he muttered, "why can't she ever say 'She'd love to' or 'How perfectly lovely of you,' instead of saying 'I'd like to' and saying 'If I cared to!' Great Scott!! 'If I cared to!!' I should think by this time she'd know I did. But, anyway, it's worth it all to have her along."

He turned away with such a sigh that would be fit for a comic opera comedian rather than for a big healthy, "up-and-

doing" college fellow. But, then, as Cupid would say, with one of his ever-ready excuses, "When women are in the case, it's different."

* * * * *

The big red car rounded the corner leading into the avenue where "she" lived, with a dangerous lurch, missed the curbing by three inches, and went snorting down the street with a buzzing, quick sound of panting engines, rolled majestically up the asphalt roadway, and brought up with a jerk in the porte-cochere, before the entrance door.

The solitary youth at the wheel had hardly heard the last choking, relieved snort of the "4-cylinder opposed," when the door opened and out stepped, daintily, a perfect vision in blue. The youth drank in the whole sight of his companion-to-be with ever-growing ecstasy.

"Blue eyes," he muttered, "blue dress, blue hat, blue veil, blue gauntlets, blue hair——" well, hardly, but a dandy, fluffy bunch of brown hair, of the greatest shade ever, and all his angry, mean, peevish thoughts disappeared under the warm rays of delightful loveliness from this "mermaid" in blue, and he took her hand nicely and helped her in; he even "cranked" the engines without the tiniest bit of impatience, even though he had expected to be able to sit for fully a half hour waiting for her. He leaped in, jerked the lever, and they went bowling

out of the grounds, down the avenue and out towards the river.

After they had gone beyond the limits of the residences, where the traffic was left behind—and midst the glorious trees along the way, he ventured to steal a glance at her. She was sitting back comfortably against the cushions, looking wonderingly at everything along the way; at the little birds, the squirrels in the trees, the cows in the pastures, at everything but him. But he didn't care—wasn't she there beside him; that was enough. And he ventured a remark, to lead up to more momentous topics.

"Don't you think the machine is running great this morning," he asked, as a starter.

She gave him a queer look, as if horrified that he should talk about such things when there was so much nature and loveliness all about them. Anyway, he imagined that she did, and of course that was enough, when he was in such a state of mind. She merely murmured "yes," and continued her "getting next to Nature" as he disdainfully called it in his mind. It made him angry, regularly mad to have her be so indifferent to him and his. But if only he could have seen her face, half turned away, as she gazed, or seemed to gaze, at the various objects along the way, he wouldn't have thought as he did, for her eyes were dancing mischievously, and a slight, very slight smile played just as mischievously around her mouth.

But he didn't see, and of course what he didn't see he imagined, and put into the worst form possible, as men only can. And he turned his head back from the maddening sight, and centered it upon the road ahead, his engines, and such. He kept on increasing speed, and feeding oil, until they were rushing along at a tremendous pace. He was "making good" his suggestion of "speeding her up a bit." He imagined he was scaring her "green" and that soon she'd ask him to stop a little. But that was as far from the thoughts of his little companion in blue as turning into a motor car herself. She just turned her head once or twice, looking at him with twinkling eyes, the very image of mischief all over her pretty face. She turned around and fell into a reverie, out of which she didn't emerge until she found that they were riding along at a more dignified pace than sixty miles an hour, in fact were approaching her own home. Then she remembered she hadn't said a thing but "Yes" the whole time, and while, of course, it's a nice word for a maiden to say sometimes, when in answer to certain questions, yet it was a ridiculously small conversation to fill in two hours, and she felt sorry, real sorry, which boded good things for the angry and dissatisfied young man by her side.

* * * * *

He had promised her to be at the ball at her house that evening, and though he

was feeling the least bit angry, yet he felt a lot better than he had since she had bade him "goodbye" in such an "I-kind-of-like-you" way, after their return from their exciting ride (or at least exciting to him). He found out that his main feeling was shame, and he determined to ask her forgiveness for acting so "perfectly foolish." So at 8, sharp, he found himself handing his coat and evening hat to the keeper of wraps in the lobby; then he went off in search of Evelyn. As he turned to leave the room he caught a glimpse of Tommy, Evelyn's inevitable "kid brother," poking around amongst some things he had no right to whatever.

"There's that blamed kid," he muttered. "I hope he won't get busy tonight, of all nights." From which it can be seen that Tommy was not altogether an unknown quantity with Holman, and not the least bit different from other Tommies. "He's a confounded nuisance anyway," he added to himself, as an afterthought.

The evening passed wonderfully for Holman. He danced at least a third of the numbers with Evelyn, and in the last dance of the night, a "perfectly heavenly waltz," he asked her if she didn't "Love him just the least bit—enough to tell him so, and wouldn't she please forgive him for being so idiotic and ungentlemanly in the morning, and wouldn't she tell him if she did?"

"You foolish boy," she murmured, "of

course I forgive you, and I enjoyed myself, too."

"Yes, but won't you tell me what I asked you at first" he insisted. But just then the music stopped and she eluded his eager eyes and questions and hurried off to bid her guests good-night, while he wended his weary way to the cloak-room to get his coat and hat. He could find his coat all right, but where in the deuce was his hat?

"John," he asked the keeper, "do you know where my confounded 'top' is? It's gone."

"Well, sir, I don't know, but I saw that leetle divil Tommy prowlin' 'round here whin he oughto iv bin in bed long ago. Perhaps he's gone and swiped it," answered John, suspiciously, for whatever mischief happened, or if anything was missing "Tommy" always did it.

Just then Evelyn came up, all her guests having gone.

"Why, what's the matter, Harry?" she asked, surprised.

"Oh! I can't find my hat anywhere under the sun. John, here, thinks that blamed kid-brother of yours has swip—that is—stolen it. Do you know where he is?"

"Why, no, but I think I can find him. He's probably upstairs in bed. I'll go now if you'll excuse me," she answered. He nodded and she left him staring after her, bewildered by the queer little smile she had given him.

She returned in about fifteen minutes. No boy and no hat.

A more thorough search was instituted, in which servants, Harry, Evelyn and everyone available took part.

"Well, Harry," Evelyn told him, "We'll probably find him tomorrow. I'll send it around then. In the meantime you can wear one of father's hats. Will that be all right?"

"Sure, anything will do," he answered, as gallantly as possible, and looking right into her eyes. "If you do find the other hat, just send it around."

"Yes, I will, and I hope I can, too; and now, goodnight,"

"Goodnight." He took her little hand in his big one, and kept it there but an instant, but long enough to give it a little squeeze, which told volumes, and caused the owner to flush ever so little. The servants, including John, had moved off by now, leaving them alone.

"I'd like to call tomorrow morning," he said softly, and, without waiting for an answer, was gone.

"What's the matter with this d——d collar, anyway," burst out Holman, in the privacy of his own room, after having worked in vain for fifteen minutes before the glass, trying to adjust his collar and cravat.

Outside the door bell rang with a sharp clang. A half minute after, Bisquette, who was Holman's valet—no, not valet, but rather his "man," whom he had taken out of the clutches of the police in

Paris (upon that also hangs a tale—not to be told now); Bisquette now put his well-groomed head through the door and addressed him:

“M’sieur, there ees a messenger boy from ze M’amselle Evelyn, with a package for you. Here etees. Also, there is a letter from ze m’amselle.”

All the anger Holman ever possessed was driven away at the mention of “a letter” and “a package.” He made a wild grab at the two precious articles Bisquette held out to him with a trembling hand, tore the letter open hastily and read. After greetings of various sorts, and commonplaces ditto, his eyes beheld the following:

“Well, we couldn’t find Tommy anywhere, but I remembered that he had made a cubby-hole last summer out behind the stables (you remember), so I hurried out there, and I found him curled up asleep on a pile of sacks before a little table he had taken down there, on which was your hat, and beside it a few empty eggshells and a wand, . . . and Tommy told me later he was playing ‘Hermann’ and was trying to boil an egg in your hat”—(“Great Moses! that confounded kid,” this from Holman)—“and so I sent it around right away. . . . You can call at 11, and have luncheon with us, if you wish.”

Holman read the last hungrily, turned the sheet over and read it all over again, then reluctantly put it back into the envelope and looked at the hat.

Alas! it was only too true, the hat seemed "plastered" with egg, just as if a whole hencoop had encamped there. From the bottom to the top there was egg, dried egg, and even on the leather band at the top; so that to wear it the band must be removed and cleaned. Then a happy thought struck and held him a moment, then he recovered. He would wear the hat to Evelyn's! Just as a joke, of course.

"Biscy," he called loudly, and after that worthy had appeared, "take this hat out and clean it. I'll wear it out at 11. Tend to it immediately." "Biscy" took the hat wonderingly, for the outside was clean (which was a wonder for Tommy, who usually did his jobs up good). Then he looked inside; a horrified expression passed over his face, and he cast a pained look at his "hero" of the Louvre (some more of the story) but he dared say no word, for the bearer of that title was at that da—— that is—at that nice little collar again, so he departed with trembling steps.

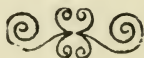
Holman, his collar on, went over to the window, and looked out over the square, where the crowds, the carriages, he street-cars all rolled into one and formed a dear little face with a pretty nose, a mischievous mouth, and blue eyes. In about ten minutes "Biscy" returned, carrying very tenderly and with much suppressed mirth, a dainty little, neatly folded, piece of white paper. He handed it to Holman with, "Ze papier I

found in ze inside hat-band. Eet is for you." He folded his arms and looked at Holman with a complacent grin.

The latter opened it with distressing haste and beheld the contents. Then, with a shout and a mad leap, he seized the astonished Biscy by the hand, and waltzed him, an unwilling partner, about the room, knocking down bric-a-brac, chairs, tables, or whatever else chanced in the way. For upon the mysterious piece of paper, evidently cut out from a larger piece, leaving the monogram at the top, "E. L. W.," and in an exceeding familiar handwriting, "familiar" as the result of a few dozen notes, letters, and cards received during several months from "E. L. W.," were the three little, mischief-making, fool-producing words, written slantingly across the paper,

"I love you."

James C. Thomas.



Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.

- ✓ '47—George Fearing Bartlett died at New Bedford, July 9, 1905, at the age of 77 years. He had engaged in the whale fisheries as a commission merchant, had been a member of the city government and at the time of his death was collector of customs for the port of New Bedford.
- ✓ '49—George Washington Horr died at Athol, October 23, 1905. He received the degree of LL.B. at the Harvard Law School in 1860, and practiced his profession in New Salem and in Athol. He served on the school boards in both towns and in 1874 was chairman of the Athol School Board. He often served as moderator at town meetings and compiled many local histories of the towns about Athol. He was a public speaker and orator of grace and force.
- ✓ '53—Samuel Wood was born at Albany, N.Y., Nov. 20, 1836, graduated from Williams College in 1857 and received the degree of LL.B. from the University of Albany in 1859. He practiced law in Albany, New York City and in Westport, Conn. In 1893 he removed to Stonington, Conn., where he died December 15, 1905.
- '58—Rev. Benjamin Angier Dean, pastor at North Hyde Park, Vt., and Miss Eloise J. Partridge were married November 21, 1905, at Edin, Vt.
- ✓ '62—Edward Francis Johnson died in Methuen, December 11, 1905. He had been a member of the firm of Bowen & Johnson, manufacturers of hats, and for the last years of his life he was a U. S. postal clerk. He had served Methuen on its school board.
- ✓ '54—Samuel Hanson, a banker of Paris, Portland, Me., and Boston, and who lived at the

Hotel Brunswick in Boston, died while on a hunting trip south at Charlotte, N. C., December 28, 1905.

'71—The History of American Painting is issued by the Macmillan Co. and written by Samuel Isham, an associate of the National Academy of Design and a member of the Society of American Artists.

'88—Arthur F. Shaw is professor of physics at Occidental College, Los Angeles, Cal.

'90—James William Holland, M.D., was assistant medical examiner and died at Westfield, December 29, 1905, at the age of 37 years. He had served in the regular army in the Philippines.

'92—Married at West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., on December 30, 1905, Miss Millicent Johnson to Edward Winslow Ames.

'96—Kenneth Lovejoy Burns and Miss Ada Blair were married December 15, 1905, at Albert Lea, Minn.

'96—Herbert G. Williams is treasurer of the Crescent Perfume Co., Rochester, N. Y.

'97—Jasper M. Rowland may be addressed at 170 Buffalo Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

'98—Henry Moore Russell, Jr., and Miss Eleanor Letitia Brice were married April 25, 1905, at Wheeling, W. Va., and are living at 146 South Penn Street, Wheeling.

'99—Married at Salem, O., October 11, 1905, Ralph Waldo Campbell and Miss Edna S. Schiller.

'99—Morton C. Fitch is in the office of the law firm of Fitch, Mott & Grant, 32 Nassau Street, New York.

'99—Rev. Irvine Goddard, rector of Trinity Church, Owensboro, Ky., and Miss Gertrude Brashear Craik were married September 27, 1905, at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

'00—Miss Clara French Prentiss and John Phelps Taylor Armstrong were married September 6, 1905, at New London, Conn.

'02—Stanley Buffington may be addressed at 2124 Benton Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

Editorial.

Another example of the loyalty of the alumni of Andover, and of their interest in the many phases of the school life, is seen in the recent gift of Mr. George X. McLanahan, P. A. '91, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. McLanahan, wishing to encourage the Andover men to a more consistent effort in literary lines, has established prizes amounting to fifty dollars per year. These prizes, in accordance with Mr. McLanahan's wish, are so divided that the two lower classes may have prizes peculiarly their own, and the literary ability of the younger students may thus be developed.

It is from the lower classes that the future *Mirror* boards must be drawn, and the fellows are to be congratulated upon having so substantial a reward to work for.

The prizes are divided as follows: For the best article from a senior or middler, printed in *The Mirror* during the year, fifteen dollars; for the second best article, ten dollars. For the best article from a junior middler or junior, fifteen dollars; and for the second best article, ten dollars.

The *Mirror* wishes to extend to Mr. McLanahan its most sincere thanks for his generous and opportune gift, which

means much to the publication in its present state of development.

In this issue are printed two of the winning Means Essays of last year. It has been customary to publish these in the *Mirror*, in order that the new men in school may obtain some idea of the nature of the essay required in the competition.

We regret to announce that owing to an error the names of Chapin and Ritchie were printed in the December issue of the *Mirror*, as members of the *Mirror* Board. On account of conditions, they have been removed from the board.

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Know, May Wear

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The Man Who Does
Know Is Sure To.

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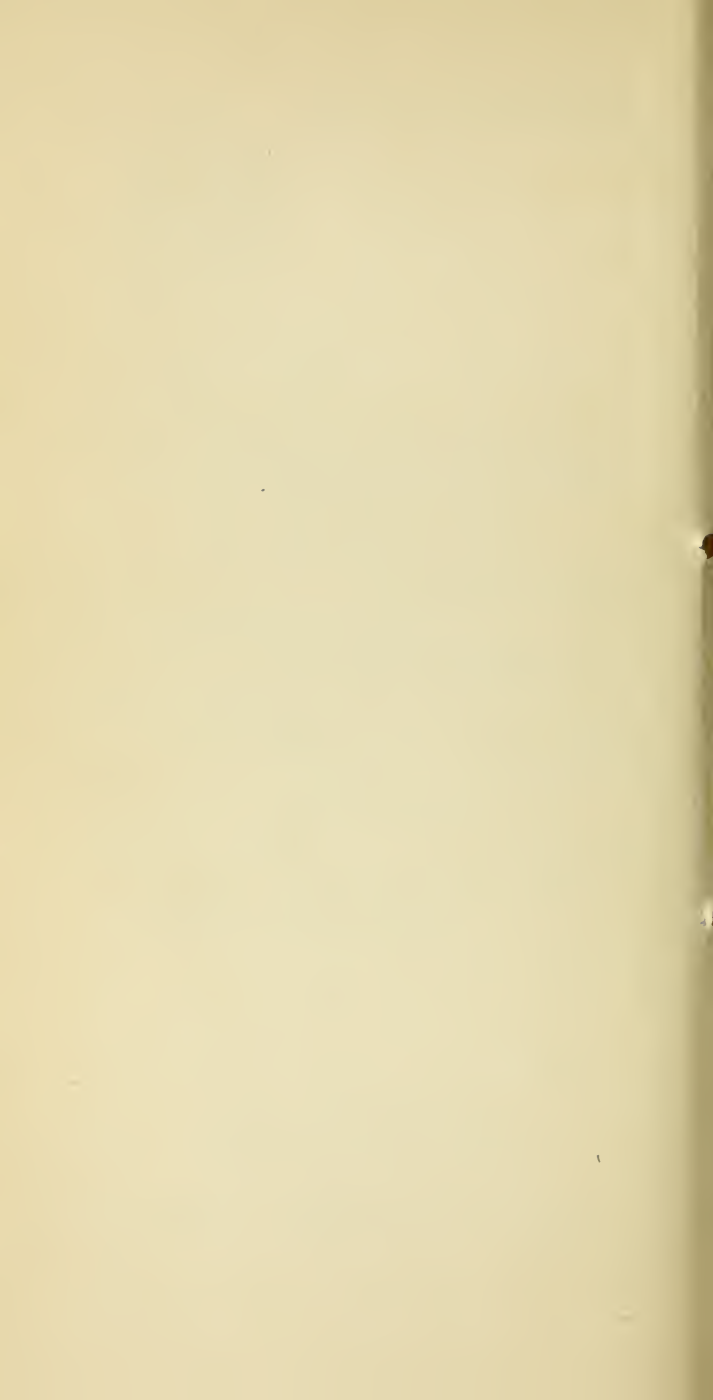
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In the Mountains.

DUDLEY looked at his watch and yawned. We had been on the way for two days and the steady blur of objects passing the car window was growing tiresome.

"Only forty-five minutes more," he remarked, and settled himself for a quiet doze. Meanwhile I contented myself with the change of scenery into which we were passing. The mountain sides seemed to drop almost vertically from beneath the track, causing a sudden giddiness on the first glance below. The scene recalled to my mind the account I had read in some newspaper of a Kentucky mountaineer, who while plowing had fallen out of his cornfield and broken his neck. I could well believe it now.

At this instant the train rounded an abrupt turn, bringing into view a charming contrast to the former barrenness. The mountains drew apart a little, the river deepened, and wound its way through one of the greenest meadows I had ever seen. At one end a dim haze of smoke rose lazily

from the chimney of a squatter's cabin, and drifted slowly through the gap at the farther side.

A moment later and the picture was changed. The train rounded another bend and a warning whistle announced that we were approaching our station. As we stepped from the car a tall sun-browned man of middle age, wearing a broad-brimmed slouch hat and carrying himself with a peculiar erectness, hastened forward to meet us. We at once guessed that he must be Colonel Carton, and were immediately assured of the fact by the hearty reception with which he greeted us. The colonel was an old friend of my father's, and it was through his invitation that we were to spend our Christmas vacation in the midst of these Kentucky mountains. It was the first time I had seen the colonel since we had moved to the North in my early childhood, but my father's many stories of the pleasures which he had enjoyed at the house of his friend had made us both eager to accept his invitation.

A short ride brought us to the wooded driveway leading to the mansion. Here our first pleasure awaited us. Standing between two massive colonial pillars on the front veranda, was a young girl of about twenty, waiting to receive us. The fame of Miss Carton's beauty and charm had penetrated even to our distant New England in my father's tales, and we were both eager to meet our young hostess.

"Welcome to Tanglewood," she cried. "How glad we are to have our friends here to help make this Christmas a merry one. Come inside out of that cold wind."

It was already beginning to grow dusk, and the blazing fire to which she led us made itself highly acceptable. Supper was soon served, but the evening found us once again gathered before the fire. The colonel assumed his customary position before the blaze, shoulders thrown back, his left arm folded across his breast, his right pulling at his carefully trimmed goatee. The firelight danced in weird shapes upon the walls of the room, the wind began to moan in the magnolias outside, and as we sat drawn close about the hearth, our conversation very naturally drifted to talk of the mysterious mountain caves for which the neighborhood is renowned.

"There is an old tradition connected with one of these caves, which you might like to hear," remarked the Colonel.

"Indeed we would!" we exclaimed.

"Now for one of the Colonel's famous stories!" whispered Dudley to Miss Carton, who was seated beside him.

"Listen," she answered, leaning forward with as much interest as the rest of us.

"About a hundred years ago," resumed the colonel, "the governor of this state, who was then traveling abroad, sent as a present to his daughter a very valuable pearl necklace. Rumor of the gift reached this country before the

packet containing it, and chanced to come to the ears of Findin. Findin was an exceptionally bold and adventurous highwayman who for years had terrorized this whole community. It was like finding honey in a wasp's nest. He immediately laid his plans, and when the armed messenger carrying the packet crossed the Rangeley Gaps, a well-aimed rifle bullet suddenly relieved him of all further obligations in this world.

"A party of traders following near the messenger, came upon his body, and immediately set off in pursuit of the robber. He was sighted and wounded by a chance shot from one of the men, but was able to make his escape to the Great Jaffron Cave, only three miles above here. The men dared not follow within, but carefully guarded the entrance for six days, and then gave it up. Either Findin had become lost, and wandering about through the interminable labyrinth, had died of hunger and thirst, or else his wound had struck nearer the fatal mark than they imagined—none could tell. At least, he never came out of the Great Jaffron, and somewhere in that cave lies his body with the beautiful pearl necklace."

"That is a perfectly great story," said Dudley, "but is it really true?"

"Every word of it!" answered the Colonel.

"Couldn't we arrange to visit the cave and have a look at the scene of this exciting affair?" I suggested.

"Yes, do?" cried Miss Carton. "You

know I have always wanted to go there, Daddie."

"Why, certainly," he answered. "But we shall have to be careful, for it would not be pleasant to get lost in there. You remember Findin's experience," with a sly wink at Dudley.

Miss Carton shuddered, but her ardor was not easily dampened.

"When shall we go?" she asked. "Tomorrow will be Christmas, but how would the next day do?"

"Splendidly," he answered. "But what do you all say to a little sleep now? We can complete our plans tomorrow."

The morning sun was just showing over the tree-tops when, two days later, we were mounting our horses for the trip to the cave. The three miles were soon covered, and about twenty minutes after, we found ourselves gazing at a narrow opening in the side of an immense cliff.

"How's your courage?" Dudley inquired of his companion.

"Fine!" she answered. "Come on." And the next instant we were surrounded by darkness and the cold walls of the mountain.

We had proceeded about fifty yards, carefully making our way among huge stalactites, when it was suddenly discovered that Miss Carton had disappeared. The colonel was immediately in the deepest anxiety. To a person unaccustomed to the place and alone, the greatest difficulties presented themselves in finding the entrance.

At once a search was instituted, but it was impossible to tell which way to turn. We had been vainly beating about for some time when all at once I noticed that Dudley had also become separated from the rest of us. Affairs seemed to be going from bad to worse. Instead of one, two of the party were now lost. We attempted to return to the passage from which we had just come, but it was useless. Our torch gave but little light; each passage was exactly similar to its neighbor; it was simply a case of guess-work.

I had hastened on ahead some distance and was carefully groping my way along the wall when a faint sound of voices struck my ear. Rounding a sudden bend in the passage, a strange spectacle rose up before me. The walls of the alleyway drew apart to a distance of some forty feet; the roof vanished in the darkness above; and directly in front of me lay a black, circular pool nearly thirty feet in diameter. Even as I looked, the flat head and thick body of an immense water mocassin glided from a projecting rock into the blackness of the pool.

But what surprised me most was to see on the farther side the objects of our search talking earnestly together, totally unconscious of my presence. At that moment the light of a candle flashed from something which Dudley was hanging about Miss Carton's neck. With an exclamation of surprise I started forward into the cavern, then immediately shrank

back, hoping not to disturb the scene before me. As I did so, my hand touched the arm of the Colonel, who had silently come up behind me. But my exclamation had attracted attention. Miss Carton looked up, and perceiving her father, ran forward with a cry of joy to meet him. About her neck hung a beautiful pearl necklace.

That evening found us once more gathered before the parlor fire at "Tanglewood."

"It's about time to hear how you young people found each other and the necklace, isn't it?" suggested the Colonel.

"It was all a great matter of chance and good fortune," Dudley answered, leaning forward into the firelight. "Soon after I became separated from you and the torch, and while I was vaguely wandering about trying to find my way, I saw the glimmer of a light through a small opening in the wall above me. I managed to climb through it, and hanging from the other side, dropped into what felt like a pile of sticks. But to my horror I found they were not sticks, but a pile of human bones.

"Not stopping to examine farther, I hastened to the light, where I found Miss Carton. I told her what I had seen, and together we returned to the spot. As I leaned over to raise the skull this ebony box rolled out from beneath it. With trembling fingers we raised the lid. And there in a little tray lined with crimson plush lay the famous pearl necklace."

Dudley paused a moment, and then with a glance at Miss Carter, continued, "I was just in the act of offering it to your daughter as a Christmas present and souvenir of our adventure when you and Ralph came upon us. But," he added, "she has promised to keep it as a reminder of our first acquaintance."

Three days later I again passed through the green valley in the mountains, this time alone. Business was calling me back to the bleak hills of a January New England, but Dudley had decided to accept an invitation of the colonel's and spend the rest of the month at Tanglewood.

H. Clayton Beaman, Jr.



Lure of All the World.

I sing of those for whom we live,
For whom we strive, for whom we die.
Swayed by their lightest whim, we give
All that we have, nor question why.
Let grey-beard celibate proclaim
His creed, with scorn aside 'tis hurled
Before the magic in the name
Of Woman, Lure of all the World.

The work of years that we have wrought
We hold as naught, against her smile.
The high reward that we have sought
We grasp, and hope it may beguile
Some chance-met maid we deem divine.
The conqueror comes, his war-flags furled,
To place his laurels at the shrine
Of Woman, Lure of all the World.

"Cherchez la femme" the maxim ran
In many a chronicle of old,
And while man fights opposing man
While passion glows, while fear turns cold,
King, statesman, warrior, one and all
From Fame's white heights will e'er be hurled
Who listen to the siren call
Of Woman, Lure of all the World.

MEIGS O. FROST.

Almost.

It was Tuesday, and by sundown Hal Morris was to take the trail for old Jim Larkin's ranch. He had only that morning received from "Mrs. Jim," as the boys affectionately called her, a cordial invitation to come out and make them a visit and to be sure to get there Thursday, Thanksgiving day, as they were to have a real old fashioned New England dinner. The day was not so generally observed in Arizona as it was back in Hal's boyhood home, and "Mrs. Jim's" letter brought many fond recollections of days gone by. He had immediately resolved to go, and left word at the stable to have his horse ready as soon as it was cool enough to ride with comfort, for even though it was late in November the sun poured down with unabated heat which made riding by day almost unbearable.

Hal was "Officer in charge" of a small detachment of regulars sent out from the fort at Albuquerque in answer to a call for protection made by the towns folk after a particularly daring outrage in their neighborhood by the Indians, who made frequent dashes from the reservation to raid some lone rancher and to add to their carefully hidden string of scalp locks. For some time all had been quiet, so Hal

thought himself safe in leaving his men and in attempting the trip alone.

He left town for his forty-seven mile ride to the Ranch just as it was growing dark, and headed his pony straight for a long dry arroyo which stretched away toward the mountains and would lead him very close to his destination. Although in spring the arroyo was filled with swirling muddy water, it was now dry and parched and the smooth sand along the bottom made a most excellent trail, though a lonesome one, for it was bounded on both sides by steep rugged banks which completely shut out all view of the surrounding country.

All night he rode, and at the first peep of day Hal urged his pony up a steep side trail to reconnoitre. The sun was just rising over the distant snow capped peaks; the great yellow Arizona sun, foretelling another scorching day. The long creepy shadows of early morning shrank closer to the mountains, until at last they disappeared in the caves and caverns of the foot-hills. A typical prairie stillness reigned, broken only by the faint plaintive yelp of some loitering coyote as he voiced his protest to the day. For miles was the same dull brown of the plains stretching away to the distant horizon in the east.

Hal gazed long and searchingly, hoping to discover the outlines of the Larkin ranch house.

Suddenly, off to his right something caught his eye, and turning quickly in

his great Mexican saddle, he discovered several dark specks just coming into view over a distant swell of the prairie. Small insignificant specks they appeared, and moving but slowly, yet to Hal they were fraught with grave meaning, for well he knew they were a marauding band of Indians. Only for an instant did he hesitate. Springing from his horse he tore up, with nervous haste, several bunches of sage brush, and snatching the loose reins turned back into the gully. Stripping off his coat, he twisted the branches into a compact mass around which he buttoned his coat. It took but little time to tie this bundle upright in his saddle, so that from a distance it might easily be taken for a man. Some of the brush he worked up through the neck of the coat, and on this tied his broad sombrero. Taking up the bridle reins, he fastened them around the saddle horn, then paused a moment as a quick thought flashed into his brain. Hastily reaching down, he unfastened one of his spurs, and loosening the cinch he placed the spur under the heavy saddle, the weight of which drove the long sharp rowels deep into the horse's shoulder. "Poor fellow, necessity knows no pity," he thought, as with a snort of pain, the animal dashed away toward the higher ground, nearly overturning the hastily fastened coat and hat and thus threatening to frustrate his clever ruse.

Hal turned quickly and sped along the arroyo, hoping his substitution of the

dummy had not been noticed, for in this lay his chance of safety.

The hours dragged along and the sun beat fiercely down on his unprotected head, but he doggedly pressed on. He dared not again attempt to reconnitre, for the danger of pursuit was by no means over.

Already he was panting hard with the heat and the exertion of his running. His throat was parched and the blood pounding and throbbing in his head was almost unbearable, yet on and on he stumbled toward the ranch and safety.

At last, unable to endure the awful heat and increasing pain in his head, Hal decided he must crawl to the top of the arroyo to try for a glimpse of the ranch, which ought to be near. He well knew the risk of discovery he ran in showing himself for the briefest moment, for in all probability the Indians had caught up with his horse only to find that they had been tricked, and were now hot on his trail, though how near he did not dare allow himself to guess. Crawling painfully up the steep side, he cautiously raised his head and gazed around. Ah! at last! Not a quarter of a mile away was the ranch house.

"Thank God," he muttered, "one more effort and I'm out of this," when bang—thud, a bullet struck a rock spitefully at his side, and from a clump of sage brush not fifty yards away rose a puff of white smoke.

With a bang and a whirl another leaden

messenger of death sang through the air. Then all became dark, and with a groan Hal rolled down the side of the arryo and knew no more.

When he regained his senses and slowly opened his eyes they fell upon totally different surroundings. With a start he tried to rise from the soft white bed upon which he found himself, but the effort cost him too much pain, so with a sigh he sank back and soon fell asleep.

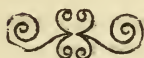
He was wakened by a stir in the room and a hearty voice saying, "Wake up thar, young feller, here's someone to see you."

'Twas old Jim Larkin and the doctor, who after much pounding and probing, said he guessed there was nothing he could do for the simple reason there was nothing to be done, as he found Hal was sound as a two year old steer and needed only a good rest to make up for the terrible strain his nerves and body had undergone. As the doctor left the room Hal turned to old Jim with a look of inquiry in his eyes and a question trembling on his lips.

"Never mind, boy, I'll tell you without your askin, for I see you're dyin' to know just how you got here. Waal, me an' Jake heered the shots of them pesky Injuns which was a makin' a target out of your carkis, so callin' in the other boys we loped over to jine the game and spend a little lead on our own account. Of course them red devil's vamoosed as soon as we arrove, and when we found you a lyin' thar in the gully we brung you home here

and sent old Jerry after Doc. Stetson, as soon as we found you wasn't quite dead. Now you heered what he says about you, so you just lie back thar and snooze some more, and don't you fret none about that turkey, for you'll get your share, you bet."

Carl F. Massey.



The Reformation of Football.

Perhaps you've heard, dear reader,
Of the truly dreadful fate,
That hangs o'er our game of football,
As now played in every state.

Fond Papas have arisen,
And fond Mamas also,
Who have sounded forth the edict
That "that brutal game" must go.

The papers and the magazines
Have taken up the talk,
And lately have proceeded
To knock, and knock, and knock.

A commission's been appointed
Which numbers quite three score,
Who will change the game of football,
Until it is no more.

No more we'll see the shin guards,
Head gears, nose guards and pads,
They will become quite out of date,
Except as sporting fads.

No more will Jim or Tommy
The elusive pig-skin chase ;
No more will brother Willie
Have footprints on his face.

No more will armored players
Be forced to lose an ear,
In making hard-earned touch-downs
In the great games of the year.

No more will fighting half-backs
Their Grecian noses bend,
When tackling or when sprinting
Round their opponents' end.

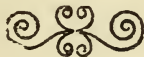
No surgeons will be needed,
Nor ev'n the medicine chest ;
No more will time be taken out
To give the players rest.

No more will undertakers
A golden harvest reap ;
No more will the spectators
See "tackles" in their sleep.

For this "expert rules committee"
In dear old New York town,
Are making many changes
And "doing things up brown."

And when their work is ended,
We can but hope and pray
That their new revised edition
Differs somewhat from Croquet.

A. M. B.



The Ridge.

Before us lay the rolling pine and fir-clad undulations of the foothills. Back, somewhere, beyond them, lost in the morning haze above the green of the forest rose the main ridge: the summit of our desires. Like a sinewy snake the wagon trail wound before us. In and out and between the hills it led. Now and again the trees shut from view the mountains in the distance. Steadily we pressed forward. On either hand pines clothed the canyon sides and at the top stood silhouetted against the turquoise blue of the sky. It is strange, this effect as one looks up thro' an endless vista of trunks and pine needles. The interstices of blue might almost be openings into another world. The call of the blue jay floats from above you and is answered from afar. Across the canyon an eagle rises on idle wings and leisurely soars from view. But you have no time for these things. Ahead lie sterner quests—the conquest of the Ridge and a glimpse into the great unknown beyond. A little further and the road twists across the lee of the canyon and into a side draw. Then over a slight ascent and down into a pocket among the hills. Over an extent of wild oats the wind plays in undulating ripples. A “dobe” hut presents

itself to view : among other things a host of Mexican dogs. You curse savagely and make wicked cuts with your quirt—to no avail. Here the wagon ruts end: we search wistfully for the trail. It leads thro' a sea of wild oats for some distance and then in some mysterious manner we come into full view of the main ridge towering aloft in all its grandeur. The trail disappeared up thro' a pine-clad slope and we slide from our saddles to tighten cinches and arrange packs. The horses remonstrated. They lay back their ears and take deep breaths with the evident intention of thwarting our purpose. We, stubbornly cruel, pull up the latigo straps to the last notch. Our stubbornness is born of experience, however. For understand : far better is it for horse and rider to arrange packs and saddles before starting than to repeat the operation every few yards on the trail above when no level or firm footing is at hand.

For an hour we toil up. The ascent is moderate ; the air is fresh with the breath of morning and the fragrance of fir and pine. Under hoof the pine needles deaden sound and make progress noiseless. From time to time we catch partial glimpses thro' the trees of valleys and hills below. For this we care little, occupied with the possibilities of what lies before. What mysteries might not the Ridge reveal. From afar on the plains we had viewed it, darkly and sharply outlined against the crimson glory of the sunset. Always the great

gray clouds rolled from behind it, bringing their hasty deluge of hail or rain to the thirsty land. These distant mountains stretching away from north to south seemed to bound our horizon, to shut us off from a world beyond. We had talked of them with veneration, with awe, always thinking of the time when we should explore and conquer them. Then had come a day when we turned our horses westward and with glad hearts rode out across the prairie.

Suddenly the trail becomes abrupt. We leave the pine needles and scramble over loose stones up the zigzags of a shoulder. This surmounted, we behold another. Presently we slide from saddles and with determination dig high-heeled boots into loose dirt and stones, and then—the glory of the first rest. Deeply the pure mountain air sinks into panting lungs. Ceaselessly they gasp for more. Then on again: more zigzags and more ridges ahead. Little and big stones along the trail glisten illusively. We seem to be passing over a veritable bed of diamonds. Visions of rich strikes, mines and fortunes possess us. Then we remember the poor prospectors we had run across back in the little mining camp at the base of the hills. All their lives they had toiled in these mountains. Yes! the stuff was there, they had assured us—copper in abundance. It needed but the capital to back the enterprise. They were still looking for it. The trees began to thin out. Right ahead is a ridge. As

if scorning to go around, the trail shot up till it seemed to shake hands with the sky. With gritted teeth and savage mood we struggle up, rifles in hand, to relieve the horses. Steep: the unending possibilities of that word when applied to some trails. The horses slide back, the soft dirt descending in little avalanches on the next in line. He curses you wildly, anger in his eye. You answer with more dirt. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, it ends. We stand out upon the summit of a spur. Below, all the world seems stretched before us. We gaze in silence on ridges, rills, and foothills all carpeted in the velvety green of the pines. Beyond them lie the plains, from whence we came, rolling boundless to the horizon. A sudden hush for the moment pervades all. We hold our breaths fearful of breaking it, while from above, the New Mexican sun burns thro' the air with fierce intensity. Southeast we discern the rent of Canyon Largo; east the Turkey Mountains; turning to the north we look past the Ocate craters to where the Spanish Peaks loom snow-capped above the horizon. This and more meets our gaze. Then some one breaks the silence. Instantly we forget it all. Quickly we hitch packs and saddles to proper places; haul up refractory cinches, and climb into saddles with grunts of relief. Up ahead the trail seems to wend into cloudland. Fired with new enthusiasm we labor up the sloping hogback of an outlying spur,

which rises to join the main crest. On either side it sinks sheer away into the canyons below, where the pine tops rise like an army of lances from among the outcropping granite rocks. Here, as on a new-made road, millions of little rocks bestrew the trail. At every step our horses send numbers of them whistling into space. We watch them go down in a series of leaps: each a little longer than the other. Our playfulness aroused, we pry up a large stone and send it to join its fellows. Down it rushes with a roar like an enraged bull, to be lost far below in the canyon bed. We, satisfied, had no desire to follow it.

Over the crest ahead a great white cloud shoved its nose. It slides by. Another follows it. They are but the advance guard of a legion. As they come they change from white to gray: that dull gray we knew so well. The sun went out. Instantly the chill of ten thousand feet strikes to our marrows. We pull at our slicker straps. It is none too soon. Something strikes against our sombrero brims. Then like a battery of gatlings the hail smites us; little stones and big stones. They cut faces and rap knuckles as if angry at our intrusion into their sacred domain. Now the trail rises up like a ladder. In spite of former endeavors, saddles slide back on haunches. Bravely we face into the discharge, and, treading clumsily on slickers, we pull tired horses up the slippery slope. Then, suddenly as they had come, the great

winged clouds slip by. The sun smiles brightly; the moisture evaporates. Nevertheless, we are cross: the ridge seems far above. Little by little the distance narrows. Then an obstacle presents itself. In times gone by a mighty conflagration had swept up the canyon and licked the mountain side. The hogback broadens: becomes a part of the ridge amidst a veritable labyrinth of "down" timber and blackened stumps. We give our horses their heads. They pick their way with deliberation among the interstices of the fallen timber, bleached to a dull gray by past rains. All about rises a forest of bare pine and fir poles: bleak and gray as their prostrate fellows. They look for all the world like a host of Indian totem poles. It is dangerous work for the horses amidst this entanglement, and often we dodged low in the saddle to escape half fallen timbers. Then we come out under the very lee of the main crest. For a time we halt, fearful to advance. Even the fresh tracks of a very large bear fail to interest us. A strange hesitancy overpowers us. But as quickly as it had come the mood passes. With a shout we swing into the saddles, spurs clank, and we ride out upon the summit. It is broad and flat and bestrewn with occasional totem poles, standing guard like sentinels over its precincts. There are little hills, hummocks and mountain oak. But we see nothing of this. Silently we gaze out beyond them over a savage world of tumbling gorges, ravines and canyons to

where outlined against the turquoise blue of the heavens stand the spires, pinnacles and minarets of rugged granite peaks. Seamed and scarred, they rise from the eternal forest which clothes their base, and thro' the clear air every cranny, fissure and ledge of their ramparts lie sharply defined as by the hand of an artist. How far it is across the abyss we cannot say. The ridge on which we stood forms but the outer bulwark of the great chain which confronts us. It is rolling and pine clad, and in comparison with them sinks into utter insignificance. Far below, down the pine-clad slopes we behold watercourses and valleys, rills and ridges, until again they rise up to meet the backbone of the system. To the left and right are more mountains, growing remote and more remote, belittled by distance, till lost to our bewildered senses. For a long time we gaze, lost in contemplation of this stupendous panorama, which far surpasses our wildest dreams. Finally, we turn for a last look upon our plains stretching limitless to the mists of the horizon, then straighten in saddles to search for the lost trail.

Towards dusk we camp far down in a canyon bed and watch the sun sink below the granite peaks ahead. They remained sharp and clear-cut against the pink of the after glow long after the sun had set. Even after that we can distinguish them, vague and shadowy, against the invisible violet of the night sky. A stream of the

clearest and purest water imaginable trickles thro' the canyon bed. There is good feed for the horses. Later, we lie around the fire and watch the coffee bubble while the blaze throws flickering shadows among the trees. Someone produces a pack of frayed cards and we forget even the cold till the fire burns low. We decide to turn in. Someone departs to round up the horses beyond reach of any chance cat or bear. They are lined up, much to their disgust, and made fast to nearby trees. Then we squabble as to who should get up and feed the fire. No one volunteers, so finally we draw lots. The luckless one departs wrathfully to bed—he never stirs till dawn. The rest of us drag beds up toward the fire and contentedly disappear without delay. Only the occasional snort of a horse breaks the stillness. At such a time one becomes aware of the subtler noises of the forest: the soft swish of the wind mingles with the dull murmur of flowing water. The call of a night bird floats from afar: nearer, something crashes in the undergrowth. Directly all is still. A hundred other little noises tend to dull the senses. A feeling of delicious languor follows. Objects appear vague and unreal, magnified into enormous proportions. The fire throws ghostly shadows, which chase one another in and out amongst the dim aisles of the forest. Your gaze wanders to the stars. Serenely they shine and calm the soul. Then strangely firelight and starlight become one. A great blackness rises up. You sleep, while on either hand stately pines stand guard.

Wendel Paul.

Leaves from Phillips Joy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.

'43—Daniel Ephraim Safford was born in Hamilton, February 5, 1826, graduated from Williams College in '43, and from the Harvard Law School in '50. For 18 years he was judge of the District Court at Salem, for 35 years was town treasurer. He served in the House and in the Senate of Massachusetts. He died Sept. 1, 1905, at his home in Beverly.

'62—Maurice Dwight Collier, Yale '66, was born at St. Louis, Mo., May 6, 1846, studied law in Washington University, St. Louis, admitted to the Missouri bar in '69. In 1883 he removed to New York City, where he was a member of the Board of Education. He died in New York City January 10, 1906.

'64—Oliver C. Morse may now be addressed at 518 W. 142 St., New York City.

'82—Fred S. Bullene is the representative of the Kansas City Star at Topeka, Kansas.

'88—William Tenney Brewster and Miss Anna Richards were married at Chelsea, London, England, July 18, 1905.

'91—Married at Philadelphia, Pa., May 9, 1905, George Griffiths Bartlett and Miss Cecelia Helen Neall.

'91—Miss Alice Ward Lefevre and Arthur Bumstead were married at Plainfield, N. J., January 1, 1906. They are living at 122 Orchard St., Elizabeth, N. J.

'91—Arthur Maxwell Line was born in Cincinnati, O., June 1, 1871, and died at Wilmington, Del., May 29, 1904. He received the degree of M.D. from the College of Physicians and Sur-

geons in '99. From that date to 1901 he was on the staff of Bellevue hospital. He was a member of Troop A, N. Y. Volunteer Cavalry, in '98, assistant surgeon in the regular army at Fort Sheridan, at Washington, and at Fort Riley, Kansas. Resigned in November '02, and practiced medicine in Wilmington. He was married October 23, 1901, to Miss Mary Sweetser of Marion, Ind.

'94—Dana Lee Eddy died at Leavenworth, Kan., September 21, 1905. He was born at the same place August 8, 1875, a graduate of Yale and of the Johns Hopkins Medical School in 1903. He was a brother of George Sherwood Eddy, P. S. '88, and of Rev. David Brewer Eddy, P. A. '94.

'94—George W. Hinman is with the Oliver Chilled Plow works at South Bend, Ind.

'94—Dr. Arthur W. Ryder, Harvard '97, is at University of California, Berkeley, Cal., giving instruction in German and Sanscrit.

'94—Arnold Scott has been appointed assistant district attorney for Middlesex County. Mr. Scott graduated from Harvard in '97 and from the Harvard Law School in '01. He has practiced his profession in Boston, living at Newton. He is one of the directors of the Commonwealth Hospital, and is one of the founders of the Tedesco Country Club of Swampscott.

'94—Eric A. Starbuck, last year a teacher in the Highland Military Academy of Worcester, is now teaching Latin and French at the Westminster School, Simsbury, Conn.

'96—Richard J. Schweppe is president of the Matina Banana Co. of Costa Rica.

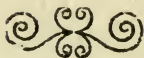
'98—Chas. H. Schweppe has charge of the Chicago branch of the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., of Boston.

'01—Alden Brooks, Harvard '05, is teaching history and English at the University School, Baltimore, Md.

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'01—The address of John E. Owsley is 149 Grove St., Waterbury, Conn.

'01—~~Married~~ at Birmingham, Ala., November 20, 1905, Miss Willie Caffee to David Pearson Thompson.



Editorial.

Herewith, we print a copy of a letter written by an old Andover alumnus, Rev. Charles A. Jones, P. A. '80, to David Magowan, at present an Andover student. We believe it will be of interest to Andover fellows generally, giving as it does, a glimpse of the student feeling of twenty five years ago.

27th Nov. 1905.

To Mr. David W. Magowan,

Phillips Andover Academy, Andover, Mass.

My dear David :—I greatly regret that a great press of correspondence, plus absence from home, and altogether too much headache recently, has led to delaying a reply to your splendid letter announcing "E.X.E.T.E.R, 0; A.N.D.O.V.E.R, 28!"

"It was a famous victory!"

I was at Ebensburg, Pa., for Sunday the 12th. Monday I saw that score in a Pittsburgh paper and wanted right badly to wire "Congratulations," but had to journey to Baltimore, so failed to do so. "Phillips—Andover forever!"

Profs. McCurdy and Eaton were at Phillips in '81. Prof. Graves came from Amherst to Andover just after we left. I won my Andover laurels, such as they were—a split nose, bumped back, sprained ankle, wrenched knee and strained good-nature-playing in the fall of '78 R. E., in '79 R. H., and in '80 Q. B. I won my "P. A." as Quarter-back, in the Harvard Freshman vs. Phillips-Andover game by kicking a goal from the field over the posts that stood between the Academy campus and Ballardvale, the only winning point in the game. The pigskin was passed back

by "Jim" Howard, Gen. O. O. Howard's son, on a quick roll, end over end, about 10 feet. My toe caught it just right, some-how-or-other, and against a stiff wind from the Ballardvale direction, the "dirty oval" shot into the air, paused right between the goal posts, only about 30 feet above them, and then, as the wind died down just for a moment, it dropped down not more than a foot on the right side of the posts to win. Harvard contended, 1st that the ball hit the bar between the posts but the referee ruled it "O. K."; 2nd, that it was a "punt," not a ground-kick, but 50 witnesses backed me when, to the referee's question, I affirmed "I kicked the blasted thing right off the ground." The language was a little strong for a member of the "Society of Inquiry," but I was shaking as if I had had the chills-and-fever from the excitement of the moment. For I never suffered more in "my sweet life" (as Dan says) than when I kicked the ball against that fierce wind, believing the act in vain, but watched it shoot up, stop against the wind, cease just for a second and the ball drop on Harvard's side of the posts with only "2 min. to play on the second 30-min. half." Of course, Harvard howled with impotent rage. That trick had been tried a dozen times by different teams—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Brown. It has been tried since. It never worked that I know of but that once. And I sometime say "It was a new era for P. A. football." It gave us a standing. Phillips-Andover has never lost it. Indeed, the "boys" of many teams since those days have far outclassed "old 1880." "Polly" Parrot, '79 I believe, suggested the trick to me. I practiced it every day, except Sundays (and on that day I drew designs of "possible winning kicks," only to kick them all over board with a decidedly new sort of a one that did the business)—I practiced it every day for near two months. The reason I said "dirty oval" above was that it was a drizzling day and all was mud from Andover's holy hill. Harvard came up unexpectedly. "Jim" Howard was the only one on the team who really wanted to play,

and such was the condition of the campus that I believe he would have played "substitute", most gladly. "Jim" said "Play." Most of the men said "Not much; it is too wet, muddy and rainy." I suggested that we "Keep out the rain by soaping our canvas-jerseys to make them water-proof." I did not then know that in 10 minutes out on the campus in the rain we would all be as slippery as eels. Since then "soaping" is against the rules, I believe. When we slipped through the rush lines and when the Harvard men got their hands full of something that was not canvas-jersey, they looked at their besmeared fingers and strenuously inquired, "What in Halifax have those fellows on them?" Harvard men were orthodox and evangelical, even in those far off days. Let us hope they use choicer phrases nowadays. . . .

My! my! I guess I have been dreaming. Didn't mean to write so much. Typewriter has run away with me or a Foot-ball game.

Go ahead! Beat all out of doors by manly, fair, and square methods. Yes; 20, 30, 40 years on, still win-out, dear boys, for God and Country on the World's gridiron in the struggle vs. all that makes a man less like his God and more like incarnate evil.

Cordially Yours,

Chas. A. Jones.



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Andover, Massachusetts.



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PHILLIPS ACADEMY

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Phillips Andover Mirror

Founded 1854.

MEIGS O. FROST, '06, - Managing Editor.

JOHN B. WALLACE, '06, - Business Manager.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

HENRY H. HOBBS, '06, CHAS. P. FRANCHOT, '06.

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For the Sake of Aspaia

THE morning was slowly dawning behind the mountainous hills, lighting up the sky with the brilliant colors of an eastern sunrise. Two galleys lay at the wharf of the city, with their triple banks of oars, awaiting the signal to start, for the chief of the embassy to Alexander had not yet arrived.

Down the street to the water edge a party hastened. As they neared the galleys a sudden bustle arose, and one of the triremes dropped away from the wharf, while the other made all preparations for leaving. As soon as they stepped aboard, the great galley backed away from the dock and soon was speeding over the level surface of the Mediterranean, toward the tents of the army of Alexander.

The leader of this embassy was seated under a canopy, on the high stern of the

vessel, but the light, refracted from the surface of the water, disclosed his features perfectly. He seemed perplexed, and a heavy frown was sharply traced upon his smooth high forehead, which made his age appear greater. Scarcely thirty, yet even now Abatis was acknowledged to be the foremost statesman in Tyre.

The orders he had received from the oligarchical party were not in accordance with his desires, for he had been forbidden to accept the request made by Alexander, who had been dared to do his worst. The Tyrians, strong in their fleet and their walls, had laughed Alexander's threat to scorn.

By this time one of the other ambassadors came beside him, and said :

"Then you fear Alexander?"

"Yes," said Abatis, "I do, Pherses ; for he has already shown himself a great general. Think of the capture of Thebes, and all his other victories. True, we are the greatest city in the world ; yet we have our weakness."

"But, Abatis," said another, "how can he attack us? The city is on a rocky islet, and our fleet can with ease defeat all the ships he can gather."

"Still, you remember the mole that Xerxes commenced to build at Salmis," replied Abatis ; "if he should attempt such a method of attack, we are powerless, for the water is not very deep nor the distance too long."

The galleys had now reached the main-

land, and, drawing up alongside a temporary quay, the envoys disembarked. They were at once led to the tent of Alexander, who was seated upon a raised throne.

Abatis, as spokesman of the embassy, bowed low, and said, in a clear tone :

"Oh, most worthy Alexander, Tyre refuses your request of entrance, and bids you cease your idle threats against her."

With this he bowed again, and slowly withdrawing, marked the effect of his words on Alexander. A sudden flash of passion swept across his features, but vanished almost instantly, as he evenly replied :

"It is well. Let it so be."

The ambassadors had scarcely boarded their trireme when a great commotion arose in the Grecian camp, and companies began to man Alexander's fleet. Abatis spoke a word to the master of the ship, and the galley began to surge along with redoubled speed.

"Do you think they will attack at once, Abatis?" Pherses asked.

"I know not," he replied, "but I fear they may, since they hope to take us unprepared. It is well that the fleet is manned."

As the galleys swept up to the wharf, a crowd gathered around the chiefs, for it was rumored they had carried the city's defiance to the hostile camp. Cries were heard on every hand, asking what Alexander had said, to which Abatis replied

by pointing to the Greek fleet, which was now shaping its course to the city.

He hastened to the assembly hall, and announced Alexander's reply and his action. Those assembled passed a decree for an immediate attack on the hostile fleet. Abatis was not in command of the fleet, but was entrusted with the command of the harbor's entrance, the key to Tyre. From here he watched the great triremes sweep past, as they went to engage the oncoming Grecians.

The encounter was sharp, but decisive. In half an hour the Greek ships turned and fled back to the protection of the land army, while the Tyrian galleys towed back ten as prizes.

For some time Abatis waited there, but as all was quiet he turned over the command to his subordinate, and walked away. After proceeding a short distance along the water front, he turned and ascended a street which led toward the residences of the wealthy merchants of Tyre. He walked past his own dwelling, and a little farther on entered the portico of a lofty palace. The slave at the door asked whom he sought.

"Your master, Clialties," said he.

"He is at the port," replied the slave.

"Then lead me to your mistress, Aspaia, his daughter," he said.

"She is in the court of the Phenix," said the slave.

Aspaia was half reclining on a marble bench when Abatis entered. She did not

rise as he came near, but with a petulant air said :

"It is four whole days since last you came."

"I could not come," answered Abatis, "I have been in the senate."

"So that is all the effect my beauty has upon you," she said, a little scornfully, as she arose slowly to her full height. Her features were strikingly regular and disclosed a rare beauty of contour, for indeed Aspaia was then held to be one of the six most beautiful women in Tyre.

She was clad in the flowing garments of the age, which, as they dropped in many folds, disclosed in part the perfection of her form. Her hair was dark, and fell over her graceful shoulders, though it was partly fastened with a gold comb of beautiful workmanship. A trace of Grecian blood could be detected in her face, as she stood there.

In her dainty right hand was a clay cylinder, covered with cuniform characters, which Abatis had brought her from Babylon on his last visit there. It was an ancient romance, written in the Assyrian tongue, which she had just been reading when he entered.

"You did not know I could read Assyrian, did you, Abatis?" she continued. "Sit down here in the shade of this tree by the fountain, and let me read you the story."

He sat down, and she began to read. The story told of the bold deeds an Assyrian hero had performed to win the love

of a maiden. The ancient writer had adorned the narrative with many bits of quaint imagination, and had caused the hero to perform twelve almost superhuman deeds before the fair lady acknowledged her love.

Almost insensibly Abatis and Aspaia drew near together, as she was reading, until their arms touched. Aspaia did not draw away, but sat quite still, as a faint blush overspread her delicately colored neck. Abatis had been her lover for years, but never before had he dared to touch her. She was happy, supremely happy. Abatis' emotions were varied: he longed to gather Aspaia into his arms, but did not venture, for she had always been so coldly dignified in her manner toward him. Slowly, with conflicting emotions, he bent near to her. She did not move away, but even drew a trifle closer.

"What do you think of the story?" she asked in a mocking voice, for she knew the tale was farthest from his thoughts.

He leaned near, and said in a low, intense voice:

"I was thinking of you, Aspaia—thinking you were worth more than all to me."

"Why, am I worth more than fifty talents?" she asked in a laughing tone. "Surely Cephia is fairer than I. Why should I think you care for me? And she's richer, too," she added.

"Why do I care for you, Aspaia?" he replied, slowly. "I know not why. I only

know I would give all I possess to call you mine !”

And suddenly he put his arm around her, and drew her to him. She made no resistance ; but slipping her arm around his neck said softly, “So at last you know what love is.”

During his prolonged visit much had gone on in the City of Tyre. Alexander had sent an embassy to treat with the Tyrians, and the enraged populace had killed them and hurled their bodies from the wall. Alexander then vowed vengeance upon the proud city, and the senate had despatched to Carthage for aid. Of all this Abatis was blissfully ignorant; so that he was much surprised to find such a tumult when he entered the streets of the city again ; however, he quickly learned the cause of the uproar.

The first few weeks of the siege passed uneventfully, and Alexander determined to build a mole to the city, for he had learned that his fleet was useless. He soon found this was a difficult undertaking, as the Tyrians did all in their power to hinder it. They employed every method known to the science of war against it. Still, the causeway grew daily.

Every day Abatis went to see Aspaia, and told her the events of the day’s fight. All the conversation did not dwell upon the progress of the siege ; but much was about their own future, for they were to be married, as Aspaia jestingly said, “When Tyre ceases to be a prison.”

When the mole was almost completed, a heavy wind arose and dashed the waves upon it, and, lashed by the furious billows, it at last sank in ruins, utterly destroyed. All the Tyrians breathed a sigh of relief, and expected Alexander to give up. At first this seemed probable; but he determined to make a final effort.

Abatis watched once more the Tyrian galleys sweep out and attack the Greek fleet, which outnumbered them, and saw them beaten back into the harbor, followed by the enemy, who were driven off only with a desperate effort by the men under his command. After this, day by day, Abatis saw the mole creep nearer and nearer the walls of the city. Though the fleet was not able to effect anything, all other devices were used. The most effective one was that invented by Abatis. Shields heated red hot were filled with sand and tossed upon the enemy. The sand burned to the bone, and those so burned presented exposed targets to the bowman on the walls.

Despite all the ingenuity of himself and the other Tyrian leaders, he confessed to Aspaia one evening that the mole was a success, and that the walls were all that now protected Tyre. One midnight assault was successfully repulsed with the assistance of a heavy wind, which destroyed several galleys. But great battering rams were then brought against the walls, and after three weeks a breach was effected.

That night Alexander chose the flower

of the Greek army and marched out upon the causeway. At the same time the fleet, in two divisions, attacked two other points of the fortifications. Aristageus, the bravest and most skillful of the Tyrians, commanded in the breach, and had with him a band of two thousand picked troops, of whom Abatis commanded a division.

About midnight the tramp of men was heard on the causeway, and all the catapults hurled their missiles out into the darkness. Splashes and groans were heard while the six thousand troops charged over the bodies of fallen comrades. At the breach they paused for a moment, and then gathering the column into a solid mass, charged up the slope of debris.

For some time the Tyrians held their own, but the increasing force of numbers told. Aristageus fell, fighting desperately, with many around him. With a shout of triumph, a fresh body of Greeks swarmed up the embankment and by sheer weight of numbers drove the Tyrians back. They retreated slowly, fighting and momentarily expecting aid. Suddenly a Greek war cry was heard in their rear, and a panic seized the band. Some dropped their weapons; others dashed upon the Greeks with fury; but most stood in a stupid daze.

Abatis tried to rally his men, but when he found it vain, he darted into a side street and left them to their fate. As he hurried along he learned from the fugi-

tives that all three Greek columns had forced an entrance, and Tyre was lost.

He ran toward the house of Aspaia and succeeded in reaching it before any Greeks appeared in that part of the city. He found her in the great court of the palace, striving to learn from a group of frightened slaves how the fight had gone.

"Oh, Abatis; what has happened?" she cried as he entered.

"Tyre has fallen; you must fly with me," he replied.

And, as he spoke, he caught her in his arms and fled away.

"But my father!" cried Aspaia.

"He died in the breach, beside mine," answered Abatis.

He hurried along and soon came to the door of his own house. As he did so he saw a band of Greeks in the distance and hastened through the portico. He rushed to the main court of the palace, where he set Aspaia down, as he lifted a great stone in the court yard. A passage with a stairway was disclosed. He bade her to enter. Suddenly he heard the Greeks in the front part of the palace. He quickly pulled a ring and the great stone dropped back into its place without a sound.

Abatis picked up a torch lying ready at the foot of the stairs, and after some difficulty lighted it. By its blaze, the two went together along the passage. The tunnel seemed endless, but at last Abatis said :

"Stay here, Aspaia, while I go ahead and see if it is safe."

He was gone about ten minutes, which seemed hours to Aspaia. When he returned he announced, "All is safe."

The passage opened into a cave, in which lay a small boat with oars. Abatis carefully put Aspaia in and shoved the frail craft off the shore. Soon he was rowing along the coast in the direction of Sidon, and had just told Aspaia they were safe, when suddenly a swish of oars was heard and a great black hull shot by in the darkness. The spray from the oars was dashed against their faces, and then the stillness of night settled down over the sea.

Abatis rowed near the shore and finally beached the boat. He stepped into a nearby thicket, and a man quickly addressed him.

"Is it you, Abatis?" he asked.

"Yes, Mites," he replied, "I and Clialties' daughter. All the rest are slain. We must flee at once to Sidon."

The horses, which Mites had provided by the orders of Abatis for just such an emergency, were good ones; and after some hours' riding they stopped to rest, for they were practically safe from pursuit. Abatis lifted Aspaia gently from the saddle, forgetting the dangers they had just escaped, and murmured:

"Sweetheart, may I take my first kiss?"

And her dainty lips whispered "Yes," as she blushed in the darkness.

My Castle Dreams.

My mind is in a daze ; and why ?

A whirl of dimples, smiles, and eyes
Attack my Castle Dreams, and try
To further captivate their prize.

Those dimples ! What assaults they make !

I watch to see when they begin,
They come ; and then when I awake,
I find that they have stolen in.

Those eyes ! With mystic charm they hold

My own, and when I think to win
A glimpse into their depth—behold,
They, too, have softly stolen in.

Those smiles ! Alas, when they assault

Each always brings with it its twin,
A dimple ; with this sad result,
While held by dimples, smiles creep in.

And so it fell, my Castle Dreams,

And now run rampant through its halls,
Dimples and smiles and eyes. It seems
My Castle grows, instead of falls.

“*Fac.*”

By the Thousand.

The United Traction Co's. car rolled into the Square and stopped with a jerk. Even before the last shaky jar had ceased, a young man in a raincoat and with a derby jammed down on his head as far as he could comfortably get it, leaped down the steps and directed his way with long strides towards the dignified portals which marked the entrance to the "Inclosure" of Craeburn College. He hurried into Roger Hall, up the steps to the second floor, three at a time, and knocked on the door at the head of the stairs in a peculiar manner, which sounded more like an elephant trying to imitate the Morse code than merely a request for entrance by an infuriated young man. He waited with impatience until his room-mate flung the door open, growled "Hello," and walked into the room, flung his coat and hat on the first convenient receptacle, pushed a chair savagely up to the grate fire, and sat down.

His room-mate, outside in the little vestibule, closed the door quietly, grinning the while. He put his "Select Readings from Xenophon" on his study desk, pulled another chair up to the blaze, close to the other, and stretching out, regarded the cheery fire and his

companion's shoes, which were placed as near to the flames as they well could be, without being burned.

"Well, Binxy, what's the matter now," he said at last, fully expecting to wait an hour at least before an answer should reach him through the thick armor of gloom worn by his friend.

"Oh! she wants to marry that blamed Duke now—that idiot from England, who's been hanging around here the past month, leaving me in the background and everywhere else. Her mother started it, and she'll probably win out with the first prize. Her governor doesn't care, and rather favors me, I think, and I think the girls all right to" (he said this without blushing in the least), "but it's that blamed mother—and the title. She hasn't accepted him yet; I think she is to tell him on Tuesday. That's the whole thing. What do you think of it?"

He ended his long discourse with a hopeless gesture, and looked at the other.

The latter meditated a short time, and then asked,

"What excuse does she give for jilting you?"

"Oh! none that count at all. She says that I don't really care for her any more, and only come to see her out of courtesy, but of course, that's all tommyrot, and she tries to prove it by saying I don't come as much as I used to, but how in the deuce can I, with all these blamed exams. coming on now. She says I didn't take her to the Marvin ball, and

that I don't serenade her any more at all, and a thousand other little things that are absolutely foolish. I tried to tell her that I didn't ever have a chance to do anything with that blamed Duke hanging around all the time, and how can I, anyway? He's always with her or at the house when I go to see her. Her mother has probably been telling her all these things. It's all that mother!"

"So she says you don't serenade her any more, eh?"

"Yes, that's what she said, but there's no sense in it. What's it matter if I don't? It's only an excuse."

"Oh! I don't know, Binxey, old chap. You don't know these women as well as I do. You know I've got eight sisters—pretty near enough to keep me well versed in feminine matters—and I know that they lay a lot of importance on the smallest things ever, that there's no sense in at all, as you say, and you can't keep track of them. Let's try and think of something just as foolish to do to offset that, and I'll bet you ten to one you'll get her back again."

Silence reigned, or rather poured in the study for fully a half hour, only the cracking of the flames, and the striking of the clock, breaking the silence.

Of a sudden, Shevy, the roommate, sat up in his chair, and exclaimed:

"I've got it, and it's a peach too. It'll take her by storm. No more Dukes and things will matter at all. Just listen."

Binxey, by this time was wide-awake

also, carried away by his friend's enthusiasm.

"Well, go ahead."

"Binxey, you're the cheer leader, aren't you?"

The other looked disgusted, "I should think you knew that as well as I, since you're the one that appointed me, but I don't see what that has to do with this."

"Just sit still, and I'll tell you. I think you're the most popular fellow in the 'Dump,' and the fellows will do anything for you." He smiled a little as Binxey looked still more disgusted, but continued, "Now you call a meeting for tonight in the 'Vest', asking all those fellows who cheered in the game to come.

When they're there, ask them if they won't help you on Tuesday night, promising plenty of rough-housing afterwards. They'll do it sure, if you say that, and there will be a good thousand of them too. Then you select some songs, and we'll all take a quiet walk up the avenue on Tuesday night. Catch on?

"You're a genius! That's great, old fellow, and it'll win, too, or I'll jump in the lake. The fellows will be sure to do it, I believe, if we promise them a good time. I'll write out a notice and post it in the 'Vest.' "

* * * * *

It was just ten minutes to eight by the clock in the 'Inclosure' when a muffled cheer rose from Vestry Hall. A half minute afterward, the door opened and

Binxey appeared, his face as red as the 'C' sweater which he wore. In his hand he carried the huge megaphone of the cheer leader. After him filed out a thousand boisterous, noisy, joyful students, the originators of the above-mentioned cheer. Binxey, with Shevy by his side, led the 'Bunch' out of the gate, through the Square and out on the Avenue, where they marched, two abreast, but silent, at his request, only whispers and low laughs breaking out along the huge, snake-like line of humanity.

In the Hall, he hadn't told them altogether where he was going, but 'promised them a good time, and a good feed.' And the 'Bunch,' feeling pretty good, had cheered him excitedly and assented readily to what he asked.

So he led them, an unusually quiet band, for their reputation, up the Avenue towards the big mansion, where that night the Duke would come at nine for an answer, but where, at eight, he, the 'Knight-Rescuer,' would draw up his army and besiege the castle and a proud little heart, hoping to win, as the olden-time knights were wont to do. Only his most intimate friends among the thousand guessed where he was leading them, and joked him about it, but he only smiled slightly, and recommended them to Shevy.

Reaching the 'Castle,' he arranged his 'agmen' around it, making a crescent moon of humanity, with himself and a few assistants in the midst to lead them.

"Now, fellows, do it up good, and remember the feed," he told them, as everything was ready. The 'Bunch' had recognized the house as soon as they caught sight of it, and were fairly teeming with excitement and eagerness to help him carry out whatever he was attempting.

"Now, you remember the songs. We'll 'do' the first one," he said, as low as possible through the megaphone. The moon looked down on the new moon below, showing a queer sight. A thousand heads, with a thousand pairs of eyes, all turned toward the one centre—the man in the 'C'—a thousand throats ready for the signal to begin.

Binxey dropped his horn and raised his hand.

"Are you ready? One—two—three." And as he spoke every man sang as he had never sang before, sang his very best, so that the song broke on the night in a low, immense roar, seeming to sound victory in Binxey's ears.

As the last strain ended, Binxey turned and looked at the house expectantly, every man in the thousand doing the same, those in the rear, craning their necks and straining their eyes to catch the first developement. But nothing happened. No radiant figure in white came to the arms of the knight; no lady even tossed a wilted rose from the balcony.

He turned around doggedly, and said, "Well, fellows, we may lose, but we'll sing the last song." On this he based

his hopes, a song he had selected above all others, one immeasurably sweet, and he admonished them to sing it low, as they had sung it in the Hall, and they cheered him enthusiastically. When it ended, he asked them to "Go down on the Avenue to the Donningham, where he would meet them in a half hour."

They gave a last low cheer, and in a tumbling, stumbling, noisy mass, hurried down the street, singing the last strains of the song. He stood by the curbing until they had disappeared down the street leading to the big hotel, where he was to meet them. Then, turning, he walked quietly up the broad stone steps of the house, not knowing what would happen, and caring little. He would at least try to see her.

As he was about to ring, the door opened and he almost dropped from surprise when a low voice said, "You've won."

He recovered himself, however, in time to rush through the door and see the "Lady" disappear through the door leading to the library. He followed as quickly as he was able, through the dark rooms to the library.

"Wonder where the Governor and the Mater are," he thought to himself as he hurried on.

As he entered the library, which was also dark, he saw her through the dim darkness, at the window, looking as unconcerned as possible.

"Well, I'll be hanged," he muttered. "Perhaps that wasn't her at all. But oh!

of course it was, though. She is just trying to fool me." And he ran to her side, and kneeling, seized her hand.

She looked surprised and frightened, or appeared to, at least. She didn't say a word, but he noticed she didn't try to pull her hand away. He wondered what she was going to do, but that was answered immediately, when a servant opened the door and said,

"The Duke of Montington is announced."

Binxey's heart beat wildly, and he looked half fearfully up at the girl. She appeared a little embarrassed, a puzzled look on her face. Then she drew herself up, and Binxey felt her hand tremble in his, as she said in a low voice,

"I am not at home. Tell him so."

Binxey's joy was unbounded. He had won "for fair!" He leaped up with a glad cry, and seizing both her hands, rained kisses upon them.

"The fellows did it. Here's to the fellows," he murmured joyfully. Then they listened, together, as a faint roar of many voices from far down the Avenue, reached them.

"Binxey, Binxey, bully for Binxey, Binxey, Binxey——."

James C. Thomas.

Jack Brastow, Cornell '05.

Scarcely three hours had elapsed since Cornell's sturdy eight was hailed victor by the steam yachts which lined her course, when Colonel Jarvis' "Elfredia," N.Y.Y.C., was slowly steaming by Tarrytown-on-Hudson en route to New York City. The day had been a most delightful one, and the crimson banks above the Palisades to starboard, gave warning of the approach of twilight, while the echoes made by the ship's wake upon the shores, aroused the Hudson from the inter-traffic doze. A merry group of five, consisting of Colonel Jarvis, his son Malcolm, and his daughter Grace, their friends, Edward Barrington, Malcolm's roommate at Cornell, and Beatrice Armstrong, who was attending school at Dobb's Ferry with Grace Jarvis, were seated comfortably on the "Elfredia's" aft deck. The group were in the best of spirits over Cornell's triumph, and a more congenial crowd could not have been found.

Colonel Jarvis was in the midst of the description of a previous boat race at Po'keepsie when Malcolm Jarvis suddenly arose from his lazy posture, and running to the steps of the bridge, ascended rap-

idly without so much as a word to the surprised group below.

"What is up?" exclaimed Grace.

"Come on, let's find out," replied Col. Jarvis, leading the way to the bridge with the others following him.

If they intended to score on him they changed their minds, for they found him looking through his field glasses, with a most serious expression on his face, at a peculiar symbol which could be clearly seen upon the face of the Palisades with the aid of the glasses.

Since he was rarely so serious, they waited for him to speak, and were soon rewarded.

"I guess you people wonder what that symbol means and why I am so interested in it," said Malcolm; "well since I'll never get any rest until I tell you what I know about it, I guess I must spin my yarn now, but really, I can't help hesitating a little, about telling you."

"Oh, please tell us, we're so curious, and we won't care what it is," replied the girls.

"Well," said Malcolm, "in last year's class we had a fellow named Jack Brastow; you've probably heard me speak of him. He had all the likeable traits a fellow can possess, and was one of the most popular men in college. As he was both in my class and my fraternity, I got to know him very well.

"Last Thanksgiving Day we played our annual football game with the University of Penn. at Franklin Field, Philadelphia,

and Jack played right half back for us. He did great work, playing a corking game, but, towards the end of the first half, his head was injured by contact with the goal post.

"He was taken out of the game unconscious, but seemed to be all right when we saw him at college the next day. About two weeks later he began to act in a rather queer manner, which attracted our attention. I remember among the things he did"—and here Malcolm's countenance lit up for a few seconds.

"Well, the first thing he did was to attend chapel in his tattered football togs. We explained this by saying that he did it on a bet, but were unable to explain why he followed that act with a series of others. To tell the truth, we really thought he was up to some of his old tricks, but when he would leave school for days at a time we concluded that something was the matter. His only relation was an old aunt, and the Faculty seemed to hesitate to ask for his withdrawal. Some days he would seem perfectly normal, and on others his eccentricity would know no bounds.

"The last stunt of his before his final disappearance from college was in the lobby of the Grand Central Station in New York on the evening of the Columbia track meet. We fellows were standing by the news-stand when our attention was attracted by a row near the announcer's stand, and before we knew what Jack was up to, he had taken the megaphone from the an-

nouncer and the latter was laid out at the foot of the platform, while Jack was calling the attention of the thunder-struck crowd to the fact that railroads ought to be owned by the government. We managed to patch it up with the station master and angry announcer, and got him to Ithaca without further delay.

"He disappeared again within two days and in spite of our efforts to locate him we failed to do so. The next thing we heard of him, was that he had gone to Europe and had become a member of a noted anarchist society.

"This was an unexpected blow to us all, who knew that sooner or later he would run grave chances of detection in his recklessness, and imagine how we, who had spent so many pleasant hours with him, must have felt.

"We were forced to let things slide, and the next thing we heard was that his gang was wanted by the French government for being involved in the assassination of a French cabinet minister. Jack, it seems, had deserted the society, and had fled to New York City, from which he was making his way by relays to Canada, by Buffalo." Here Malcolm paused while he drew a wrinkled letter from his pocket, and then continued:

"This is where that symbol comes in. You noticed that the symbol consisted of a large Greek "Delta" marked clearly on the face of that Palisade cliff, and that below the "Delta" was a maltese cross. Well, that symbol was marked on the face

of that large rock by his anarchist society. Then, amidst their exclamations of surprise, Malcolm opened the letter and read aloud as follows : —

Dear Sir,—

One of your brothers who recently joined our society and who, after deserting us tried to escape, was detected while attempting to reach Canada on May 3rd. When surrounded he made a dash for a certain precipice on the Palisades opposite Tarrytown-on-Hudson, and to avoid capture he jumped to his death below. We recovered his body and buried it by the side of this rock, and you can locate the rock by the symbol, of our society— (Here the writer had scrawled a maltese cross with a Greek delta above it, on the margin of the page.)

Signed,

B——

As Malcolm's voice ceased, the group remained silent, realizing that they had looked upon the scene of the last act in the life of a man of endless possibilities. And as they looked at each other in silence, each waiting for the others to speak first, the "night-hawk" was run aloft. Then silence formed a sharp contrast with the noise of the crowds on the ferry-boats, and the parties on other pleasure crafts that now surrounded the "Elfredia"

But deeply buried in the hearts of Col. Jarvis' party were not the thoughts of the events of the day, nor of the busy metropolitan city they were approaching, but thoughts of one Jack Brastow, Cornell '05.

Richard T. Waters.

Leaves from Phillips Joy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.

'52—John Low Smith, after 13 years service on on the Andover Board of Public Works, retired at the recent town election. Mr. Smith has had an honorable business career, first in the printing business, then in the manufacture of printer's ink, and for forty years in the grocery and dry-goods business. During the civil war he served with the 35th Mass. Volunteers. He has been a member of the state legislature.

'56—Joseph L. Daniels, Professor of Greek in Olivet College, Mich., is spending the winter in Southern California.

'59—Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, Bishop of Western Pennsylvania is chaplain of the Society of Colonial wars of Pennsylvania.

'62—Rev. Charles M. Southgate of Auburndale has been appointed superintendent of the Mass. Bible Society.

'67—Lyman Mack Payne died at the Boston City Hospital Feb. 5, 1906, at the age of 59 years. While at Phillips he was captain of his class baseball nine and member of the skating park committee. He was first in the wool business, associated with L. J. Orcutt, then of the firm of Payne and Storm, tea merchants, New York, and later insurance agent of the New England Mutual Life Ins. Co. in Boston and then in Albany. At the time of his death, his home was at Hinsdale.

'71—In the March "Harpers Magazine" is an article on the University of Geneva by Charles F.

Thwing, Pres. of Western Reserve Univ., Cleveland, O.

'83—Henry Rustin died at his home in Florence, Nebraska, February 27, 1906, after several years' illness from consumption. He had a brother Fred in the class of '91.

'85—Charles Scribner's Sons publish the "The Apostolic Age in the Light of Recent Criticism," by James Hardy Ropes, Prof. of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in Harvard Univ.

'85—Ralph H. Smith and Miss Sara Benton Miller were married at Waterbury, Conn., Feb. 27, 1906.

'88—Stuart Webster is vice-pres. and sec. of the Atwood and Steele Co., manufacturers of grocers' and druggists' sundries, Chicago, Ill.

'89—Henry Waldo Greenough of Providence, R. I., has been appointed second assistant to the Attorney General of Rhode Island. Mr. Greenough studied law in the University of Virginia and was admitted to the Rhode Island bar in 1898. He served in the United States Navy during the Spanish War.

'90—Married in Dedham, February 26, 1906, Walter Clark Howe, M. D. and Miss Amelia Ely.

'92—Albert S. Davis is with Redmond & Co., bankers at 41 Wall St., New York.

'92—Henry Johnson Fisher and Miss Alice Gifford Agnew were married February 27, 1906 in New York.

'92—William H. Wadhams announces the removal of his law offices to the Mutual Life Building, 32 Nassau St. New York.

'95—Everson H. Lewis is in the law office of Tracy, Chapman and Tracy, Syracuse, N. Y.

'95—Dr. Joseph C. Palmer is medical referee of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of N. Y., for Syracuse N. Y.

'96—Osborne A. Day is a partner in the law

firm of Wright. Pardee and Day, 42 Church St., New Haven, Conn.

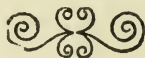
'99—Paul M. Nash is an attorney-at-law in the Bryson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

'99—Henry M. Wallace is asst. superintendent of the brass mill of the Ansonia Brass and Copper Co., Ansonia, Conn.

'99—Frederick W. Wilhelmi is with the Walker County Lumber Co., Elmira, Texas.

'03—Hugh S. Knox has been elected president of the Yale Football Association.

'04—Frank O. Bennett has been elected vice-president of the Yale Football Association.



Editorial.

The Board wish particularly to emphasize the desirability of more contributions of manuscript from the School. Many fellows seem to think that a certain divine inspiration is needed before anything acceptable to the *The Mirror* can be written. Nothing can be more untrue. Every fellow in School who is not a "grind" or worse, has had experiences worth telling if written in a form as bright as would be employed in telling the story to another fellow. It is obvious that *The Mirror* is not going to set up a "Harvard Monthly" standard of literature nor is such a standard necessary. But we do urge as many as possible to turn in short stories or sketches of your everyday life. The practice in writing will do you good, even if only by raising your English marks, and there is bound to be something worth publishing in the work received. And lastly, do not worry about swamping the Board with manuscripts to be read. That is what we are here for.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of Charles Pascal Franchot and James Carl Thomas to the Editorial Board of *The Mirror*.

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The presents needs of the Academy are funds for building, for teachers' salaries, and for general current expenses. For further information and for copies of the annual catalogue, address,

PHILLIPS ACADEMY

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EDITORIAL		

....The....
Phillips Andover Mirror

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Vol. 1.

NEW SERIES

No. 7

A Game of Chance

JACK Benton graduated from college in the spring of 1892. With several classmates, he left New York on the fourth of July for Europe. They arrived in Paris on the fourteenth. It was quite a coincidence that they should have left America on Independence Day and should have arrived in Paris on the great national day of France, the commemoration of the Storming of the Bastille.

Paris was hot. People stayed indoors until evening, when the boulevards began to hum with excitement. Here in front of a restaurant an itinerant gymnast was giving an exhibition. There a little further on a lively dance was in progress. It was to one of these dances that Jack Benton was attracted. Then, a moment later he was whirling a pretty little French woman about, like a native dancing-master. As he sped along he was making a violent effort to converse with his partner in French, but the failure to express his feel-

ings in words did not take away from the pleasure of the dance. His face glowed and his eyes sparkled with the excitement of it, but as he was gliding about, he felt that some one was gazing intently at him. His instincts were right, for he soon discovered a pair of dark brown eyes watching him through the crowd. They seemed to entrance him for a moment. He almost dropped his partner. He riveted his gaze on the spot where he first saw them, but alas, they had disappeared.

Jack was not superstitious, but he incident of the strange eyes had a peculiar effect upon him. The dance immediately lost interest for him, and he very shortly went back to his hotel and to bed. All through the hot night he seemed to feel those hypnotic eyes upon him. One moment he would see them in his dreams; the next he would imagine they were looking at him through the darkness. In his calmer moments, he tried to think if he had ever seen them before, but the effort was in vain. Were they a woman's eyes and if so was the woman beautiful? These were some of the many questions he asked himself.

The heat of Paris drove the party of young men into Switzerland. They fed the bears at Berne and the swans at Geneva. They climbed the Jungfrau at Interlaken and danced cotillions in Lucerne. While in Lucerne Jack took the trip to the top of

Mount Pilatus. The ascent was made by means of an old cog-railroad. The motion of the stuffy little cars on this railroad was anything but agreeable. The natural result was that a young girl in Jack's car fainted. Her traveling companions asked if anyone had a bottle of smelling salts, but no salts were forthcoming, so Jack very eagerly came to their assistance with the ever present pocket flask. Everyone in the car was interested, but no one more than Jack, for the sick girl was young and decidedly good-looking. A rich profusion of dark hair, finely pencilled eyebrows, a splendidly formed nose, and a bewitching pair of lips, all brought to Jack's mind the ideal he had so often pictured to himself.

The whisky soon took effect and as consciousness returned, her eyes slowly wandered about listlessly; then her gaze centred and fell directly on Jack. The girl started. Jack's heart throbbed. It was the same pair of eyes that had enchanted him during that dance in Paris.

The car had by this time reached the summit of the mountain. The flask was returned and the carload of people separated perhaps never to meet again.

The young men continued their journeying and saw the same things that every tourist sees. They had the same experiences that every tourist has, and more than once Jack imagined he saw those dark brown eyes staring at him from some

crowd or from the inside of a rapidly passing carriage, but not once could he be sure of it. Still, by day and by night, they mingled in his dreams.

On his return to America, Jack Benton went to a small city called "La Forge" in Illinois. He became an accountant in one of the local banks and soon worked up to the position of cashier, and to uphold the dignity of this office, he grew a beard.

One day about four years after the opening of this story, Jack was standing at his little window cashing checks and receiving deposits in his usual business-like way. After waiting her turn for some time a young woman of about twenty-three presented a check at the wicket, to be cashed. Jack looked up from his work to gaze into a pair of dark brown eyes. His heart leaped into his throat as he quickly recalled a crowded street in Paris, a stuffy car in Switzerland, and four years of patient longing, but the girl failed to show any signs of recognition. The beard was evidently too much of a disguise. Jack collected himself as best he could and noticed the check was unendorsed. He called her attention to this and she stepped over to a little table and wrote her name across the back; presented it to the window again; received her money and walked out.

Jack was dumfounded. He was at a loss to know what to do. He stood star-

ing blankly at the long line of people waiting their turn at his window. Suddenly he noticed a fur muff lying on the table where the owner of the brown eyes had endorsed the check. Suddenly he left the desk, seized the muff and rushed, bare-headed, out of the bank. He ran up this street and down that, but nowhere could he catch a glimpse of this girl who had so many times crossed his path, only to pass on again into oblivion.

Jack returned to the bank and asked to be relieved from his duties for the day. Permission was readily granted, and he hurried out and walked about the streets aimlessly for an hour or more; then he walked into a barber shop and asked to have his beard shaved entirely off. This done, he went home and tried to sooth his ruffled spirits with his favorite pipe, but his day dream was disturbed by the sharp ring of the telephone bell. It was one of the bank clerks, who called to ask if he knew anything about a sum of fifty dollars which was missing from the till. At that Jack thought of the check which he had hurriedly stuffed into his pocket. He told the clerk not to worry, that he had carried a check for that amount away by mistake and would bring it with him in the morning. Then he rang off and pulled the check from his pocket. The first thing that struck his eyes was the signature on the back, "Julie Leavenworth." Then for

the first time that day, a really rational idea entered his head. He reached for the telephone book and looked for Leavenworth. There the name was, — "Judge Leavenworth, 478 Chicago Ave." Just three doors from his own house. Jack almost fell over. To think that for nearly four years he had been living only three houses from the owner of that pair of dark brown eyes and had never known it. But perhaps there might still be some mistake. He grabbed the muff and literally flew down the stairs and along the street to the Judge's house. He nervously pulled the bell and waited for the door to open. A minute passed, then another. They seemed like years to the trembling Jack. At last the door was opened and he stood again looking into those ever-fleeing brown eyes.

This time it was the girl's turn to be startled. She stifled a cry as she recognized the man that had been in her thoughts ever since that eventful summer four years ago. She grew deathly pale and fell backwards, but not on the floor. A strong pair of arms grasped her as she fell. Consciousness left her but for a moment and she soon came back to a realization of her awkward position, but for some reason she did not try to free herself from Jack's arms. Instead she rested her hands on his shoulders and gazed into his eyes. That look told more than words,

but what is the use of dwelling on the details. Suffice it to say that this time Julie Leavenworth did not pass out of Jack Benton's life.

The following summer a happy couple could have been seen on the evening of July 14th, walking along a crowded boulevard in Paris. The same music seemed to be playing for the dancers—but one man had a different partner.

Pascal Franchot.



After Haration

I try to study, but insistently
A laughing face all framed with wind-blown hair
Creeps in between the printed page and me —
The page dissolves away, I know not where.

Some writer of the olden days I read,
But, as his heroine I seem to see
A laughing face, and far more fair, indeed,
Than the bard pictures, gazes out at me.

I light my pipe, and now the floating wreaths
Of rising smoke-clouds seem to form a head
Of wind-blown hair, the while my fancy weaves
Fond visions, and recalls each word she said.

But yet I cannot feel content ; I fear
That one who loves a maiden never can,
For well I know that while I'm dreaming here,
Somewhere she's flirting with another man.

Meigs O. Frost

Merely a Minion

THE hour was three — A. M., not P. M., and the ancient city of Zurich held in the embrace of a drizzling rain, occasionally interspersed with short but chilly gusts of wind, making a promenade exceedingly unpleasant, if anyone desired such an unearthly hour for walking. It was just such a night as Sherlock Holmes would have gloried in — mysterious, lonely, and uninviting as it was.

The city lay in the arms of Morpheus, for the most part silent and black. But one portion presented a deep contrast to the rest. The Royal Palace was in a blaze of light, looking cheery through the misty night. Occasionally carriages, driven by proud coachmen, from the long line waiting with shining side-lights, like will-o'-the-wisps, would move out of the line and drive quickly up to the big bas-relieved door to receive their masters and mistresses. The end of the annual grand ball in honor of the Queen's birthday was drawing to a close, though the splendidly-decorated ball-room was still dominated by the merry throng of dancers — from the staid old dowager, and dainty, gay, little duchesses, with here and there a princess, down to the common every-day merchant's wife, or

the daughter of a newly arrived tourist from the Provinces.

* * * * *

A single room in the upper portion of the big Nashionalhof showed signs of occupancy. This apartment was large and well furnished, lighted, however, by only six candles, three in each bracket on either side of the great fireplace, in which a wood fire had just been rekindled. On a chair placed near the door lay a long, heavy raincoat, with an opera-hat and gloves. On an adjoining chair lay apparently the same articles. Two chairs were drawn up to the blaze, and two pairs of feet were planted comfortably on the ornamental mantel of the fireplace. Two backs, enclosed in evening dress, were bent almost double in the deep seats of the chairs, in accomplishing the above-mentioned result—the proper elevation of “made in the U. S.” dancing pumps, for comfort. There—it is obvious that the room is occupied.

One of the two, whose name is registered at the hotel, was Neilson, the famous polo-player from the States, one of a party of six, touring Europe with a “Prof” in preparing for Valeard. His company, whose name could also be found on the book just below the other, was Ellwick, with nothing at all “famous” to his credit; just a commonplace, but “blamed nice” sort of fellow (the last was the popular

verdict of his fellow-tourists and the "Prof").

Having obtained bids to the ball from a court-friend of his, "Prof" had taken them all to the palace, and these two, for reasons apparent later, had stayed on and on, returning at this late, or rather early hour, and having given orders to a servant to have the fire rekindled upon their return, were now enjoying a brief half-hour or so before retiring. Both were filled with the memory of the stirring scenes they had lately quitted. Neilson, however, was so overcome by the recollection that he was unable to contain himself longer, and burst out in this fashion:—

"Wasn't she a dream, Tom?" he said sleepily. "Such eyes! Man, I sat in the conservatory there for two hours, looking at her, and I can't remember now whether they were brown or — or —. You know, I always supposed most duchesses were old-fashioned old fogies, to sit around and be called your highness. But, ye gods! she's a queen and all the other titles put together. And Great Scott! two years ago I wouldn't have thought of ever knowing a duchess, and that old count, what's his name, introduced me. I almost fell over myself, but had enough sense left to ask her for a dance. I got the third after a waltz. And gee! how she could dance! And she put me on my ease right away, too — talked all the time just like any

other girl would talk, and even asked me about my polo, though how she ever knew anything about that beats me. And towards the end of the dance, down there at the end of the hall, where you go through a sort of lane made of palms, and flowers and stuff, and she was such a peach, that — well — I — that is, I asked her to cut the next dance and go into the conservatory with me. And what do you think, she said she would.” (Long pause.) “We sat there on that garden seat for two hours, she cutting all those dances, with all those dinky little dukes, generals, and even with the king! I saw her card afterwards. She’s the dandiest ever; and — say! Ell, old chap, I — er — well, that is — I — well, the fact is, that — oh! you understand, don’t you?” A sidelong glance from one chair met a ditto from the other, and a broad grin from one, a sheepish look to the other.

“No, I don’t, but you can tell me,” said Ellwick, in a low tone. The other seemed a little embarrassed.

“Well, you know, he began, “after we’d been talking on the seat for an hour or so, I told her I wished I was a duke or something, and by all the saints! she kind of looked away and said it really didn’t matter.” He sighed at the remembrance, and, drawing a deep breath, continued. “What would you naturally do, then, old fellow?” He went on as if there was no

question as to the answer. "I did just that, you know. It may be a little foolish, but I don't care. We take the Nord express tomorrow noon from the Midi station. That's all of it. I couldn't help it, and didn't want to. You'll help us, won't you?" One pair of pumps slid down from their place, and a well-built body sat up, and a hand clasped another midway between the chairs.

"Yes, I'll help you," said Ellwick gravely, but he didn't say how.

* * * * *

Two hours before the scheduled time of leaving for the Nord express, a one-horse closed cab drove up the paved way leading to the royal residence of the king. The cabby had picked up his fare in the square of the Nashionalhof and the occupants' brows were wrinkled up as though in deep thought.

As the liveried coachman opened the cab door a young man sprang out upon the imperial carpet, laid the length of the steps, and ran quickly to the main hall-way. Handing his card to a flunky in gold lace and buttons he begged to see the "Grand Duchess of Jungenberg." Strange to say the name the card bore was "Mr. Turner Ellwick." He was ushered into a splendidly furnished apartment and a seat placed for him to await the pleasure of "her Highness." A half-hour passed.

At last the curtains from a doorway he

hadn't noticed before were pulled aside, an attendant cried "her Highness, the Duchess of Jungenberg," and Ellwick stood up, looking at the doorway expectantly.

There was a pleasant rustle of skirts and a muttered, "I'll be damned!" from Ellwick, as a severe-looking person in an unbecoming dress, with gray hair, and a haughty lorgnette placed on an aristocratic nose, passed in and smiled rather nicely at him. There must be some mistake! "You are the Duchess of Jungenberg?" he managed to say to the surprised Duchess. "Yes," she said, in a not unkindly sort of voice. "And you?"

"Oh, I—that is—" he floundered helplessly. This was altogether different from what he had expected, and from what he had been prepared for. "Your Highness, he said, at last, not knowing scarcely what to say. "I've made a horrible mistake, I fear, and I beg you to pardon me. The—er—person I wanted to see doesn't — oh! that is—you will pardon me, won't you?" He rushed to her, and, kneeling, kissed her hand, and then fled precipitately down the hall, down the stairs and into his waiting cab, followed by the amazed and amused glances of the servants and courtiers. The Duchess made no attempt to detain him either, merely saying in a low tone to an attendant, "Strange sort of person. Probably a foreigner."

Outside, a one-horse cab was tearing down the street at breakneck speed, under instructions from the "fare," to "go to the Nashionalhof, and go like the very devil." He did and with a ten mark bill still in his hand.

The hotel is reached and Ellwick springs savagely up the stairs to his room, distancing the elevator. The door is ajar, and as he puts his foot over the threshold he encounters Neilson, with a suit-case in his hand, coming out.

"You're a warm one," burst out the former. "There I went up to see your confounded Duchess, and only found a gray-haired old woman and I had the time of my life explaining to her that I had made a mistake. I was going to try and help you, you know. What's the matter with you, anyway—crazy?"

"No old fellow," said Neilson, "all a mistake. The old count was a little lost last night when he introduced me to the 'Duchess of Jungenberg' and got this girl mixed up with her, and I'm blamed glad, though, because now there'll be no trouble, because she's not a Duchess and so we're off to the Riviera at noon and you're coming, too, whether you want to or not. If you see her you'll want to anyway. She's just as much of a dream without being a Duchess. She's got brown eyes and the dandiest little pompadour of sort of wavy hair, and oh ! that mouth! Why its enough

to drive a man mad. Just wait until you see her. Her name's Elena—— a regular peach—— but come on now. We've got only an hour before train time, and you've got to pack.

* * * * * *

The Nord Express sped on through the gathering twilight. The shores of the blue Mediterranean would be reached the next morning. In the dining car, at a little table for two, sat a young man and a girl, over the finger-bowls of the dinner they had just finished. Soon the head of brown hair and the brown eyes bent toward the head of the veteran of many battles of polo, and Neilson kissed the red little lips ——not of the Duchess of Jungenberg, but of someone infinitely more precious ——those of Merely a Minion.

James C. Thomas.

Why I Love You

You ask me why I love you?
Ah, why I do not know,
Yet there're a thousand little reasons
Which seem to make it so.

I could tell about your eyes,
I could rave about your hair,
But they're only little trifles
Which add to make you fair.

I love you for your kindness,
I love you for your cheer,
There are a hundred reasons
Why I love you so, my dear.

Yet when I think it over,
I find that this is true,
The reason why I love you so
Is just because it's you.

"Fac"

Sand Pictures

THE heat of the midsummer afternoon was gradually giving way to the cool breath of approaching evening. The steady swell of the languid ocean continually reached up the shore with a long sigh and receded into itself again. Several gulls drifted lazily through the warm air and faded from sight in the distance.

A little girl sat on the sand drawing pictures with her finger, and having used up the space around her, she moved nearer the sea and drew more. A beautiful castle stretched itself out on those fairy-land plains, a castle peopled in imagination with servants and lacqueys. At the head of this great castle was herself and—he, whoever he might be. At the thought of him, that inevitable person, she stopped drawing pictures and gazed at the horizon with half a frown on her childish face.

Meanwhile the sea drew nearer, and steadily advancing, slowly obliterated, one by one, all her fairy castles, till only the bare sand remained. "All gone, not one left?" she murmured, and a wave larger than its fellows reached up the shore and answered her.

* * * * *

Several years had passed and the warm summer had come again. Two persons sat on the sand where but one had been

that day in the past and they seemed more than happy. It was enough for her to look into his eyes and see the light that shone there, knowing that it was for her. For him, if only the breeze in its passing brought the end of her scarf against his cheek, it sufficed. Everything was happy except the old ocean, whose never ending sadness seemed to mourn even in the midst of joy.

The long afternoon faded into twilight and the twilight gave way to evening. At last they left the sand and slowly walked away into the darkness.

* * * * *

Another period of years had elapsed and there at the same old spot on the sand, a woman clothed in black sat alone. Her face, still beautiful, was heavily shaded with sadness. As she gazed out to sea with a look of wistful longing she murmured a line of Tennyson's. "The tender grace of a day that is dead, will never come back to me."

Many happy people strolled along the beach and the skies were smiling as brightly as ever. There was a strange companionship in the sea for her now and she almost wished she could mingle her sadness with the half expressed tragedy of this infinity.

She glanced back over the past and walked again through her Castles in Spain. Every one was in ruins and as she slowly

retraversed the path of her life to the end, she murmured, "all gone, not one left." With a sigh more sad than any of the sea's she arose and went her way.

Newton H. Foster.



Leaves from Phillips' Ivy

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.

'51 — Col. Isaac E. Clarke, of the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., has been awarded the grand gold medal of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition for a "Monograph on American Art and Industrial Education".

✓ '52 — John Minot Fiske, who has been deputy collector of customs at Boston for over forty years, died April 21, 1906, in New Haven, Conn. He was born in Boston, August 17, 1834, and graduated from Yale in 1856. He was considered the ablest interpreter of customs rules in the country, and was a widely respected official. His home was in North Cambridge, and he had a son, John L. Fiske, in the class of '91.

✓ '52 — Thomas Sargent Robie was born in Gorham, Me., September 21, 1835, was a graduate of Bowdoin College and Bangor Theological Seminary, held pastorates in Waldoboro, Me., Staffordville, Conn., West Hawley and South Falmouth, Mass., and died March 25, 1906, in Chicago, Ill.

'63 — Moses G. Parker, M.D., of Lowell, has been recently re-elected president of the Sons of the American Revolution.

✓ '66 — John Redman Hartwell died at Millis, April 15, 1906.

'72 — Edward P. Boynton, of Medford, has been elected commodore of the Boston Yacht Club.

✓ '72 — William Payson Mellen died at Salina Cruz, State of Oaxaca, Mexico, February 24, 1906, at the age of 53 years.

'82 — Rev. Charles Hall Perry, who has been rector of St. Peter's Church in Cambridge for over fifteen years, has resigned his work in that parish.

'85 — Rev. Albert H. Wheelock, of Pepperell, begins his new pastorate at Marlboro on June 1.

'86 — Rev. George R. Moody has been assigned to the pastorate of the Methodist Church at Belchertown.

'90 — Rev. George B. Spalding, of Red Lodge, Montana, accepts a call to Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

'94 — Married, in New York City, April 25, 1906, Miss Josephine Russell to Rev. David Brewer Eddy of East Orange, N. J.

'94 — Howard Dickinson Reeve and Miss Buckland were married at Appleton, Wis., April 11, 1906. They are to live at East Spokane, Wash.

'94 — Archibald D. Smith, M.D., is living at 97 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

'95 — Dwight H. Day is treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian church in the U. S., with his office at 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

'96 — George N. Crouse is president of the Dorman Lithographic Co., New Haven, Conn.

'96 — Jesse W. Miller may be addressed at 30 West 44th St., New York.

'96 — Robert Stevenson, jr., is connected with the Chicago office of Lee, Higginson & Co., brokers.

'98 — Miss Eleanor Humbird and Southard Hay were married at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 21, 1906. They will live at 917 St. James St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

'00 — John B. Porteous is in the firm of Porteous, Mitchell & Braun Co., Portland, Me.

'00 — Frank G. Webster is secretary of the E. Webster, Son & Co., ice dealers, Buffalo, N. Y.

'01 — In the May number of *Harper's Magazine* is an article by Harold S. Deming entitled "The Tragedies of Animal Life".

'04 — Robert Hager, jr., and Miss Dorothy Q. Trowbridge of New Haven, Conn., were married in New York City, April 7, 1906.

Y '04 — William James McIntosh died in Andover, April 10, 1906, at the age of 23 years.



Editorial

As one of our contemporaries, the *Bowdoin Quill*, aptly remarks in its editorial column: "At this time of the year, we look for better contributions. During the winter months, the genial current of our literary expression, as well as our blood, seems to have congealed. Now that the spring is upon us, our poetical fountains should overflow and enrich the parched landscape of our literary life. The Easter vacation has given us a still period in which to crystalize our thoughts and group them into musical words."

Now we are not positive about the number of poetical fountains about to be unsealed in Andover, but nevertheless, we are prepared to meet anything short of a Spring freshet, when the overflow commences.

And even if the future authors now in school do not turn to "groups of musical words" to express their Spring awakening, permit us to suggest that they let their inspiration find vent in the form of short stories. During the foot-ball season we could have helped materially to stock a small library with stories of thrilling touchdowns, but evidently the baseball enthusiast has not as yet "rushed into cold print" with his hero of the diamond.

And as a final incentive, we may call at-

tention to the fact that but two more issues remain in which to enter stories for the McLanahan Prizes, which are surely large enough to bring about some hard work for the last number of the *Mirror* before summer vacation.



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LEAVES FROM PHILLIPS IVY.

EDITORIAL.

THE
Phillips Andover Mirror
Founded 1854.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

HENRY H. HOBBS, '06, CHAS. P. FRANCHOT, '06.

Entered at the Andover Post Office as Second Class
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Vol. I. New Series. No. 9

When the Colonel Lost

WE had just finished one of the chafing-dish suppers for which Mrs. William Carewe, known to the crowd as Mrs. Billy, is justly famous in our small coterie.

Carewe and I had settled down comfortably in the chairs which bore our respective names, for you see, I am equally the confidant of Billy and his wife, and by virtue of that position, my Morris is a chair which none dare profane when I am a guest.

"Billy," I remarked, for I was in an after-dinner reminiscent mood, "Billy, you've never yet told me about the strategy you used in getting the Colonel's consent." I must explain that Colonel Farnham is the father of Mrs. Carewe,

and strongly objected to the ceremony which changed her name from Kitty Farnham to the one she now blissfully bears.

Billy chuckled and glanced up at his wife, who was just then commencing some of that eternal feminine embroidery. She returned his look with eyes that sparkled mischievously, and dropping her needlework, she crossed over to his chair and seated herself upon its broad arm, resting her arm on his shoulder.

That's what I always liked about Kitty Carewe—not mushy at all, like the usual run of brides; only she can't help showing that Billy is Billy, and you are, well, someone else, and the way she does it always makes me want to find some one who—but hold on, that isn't the story.

"Shall we tell him, Puss?" queried Billy.

"Well," said Kitty, judiciously, "he *was* awfully nice about his congratulations, and he hasn't asked impertinent questions, and that chafing-dish he gave us was a perfect dear. Yes, Billy boy, I guess he can know. You go ahead and tell it. I'll listen."

And so the story commenced.

"You see," began Carewe, "the Colonel didn't respond at all paternally to my proposition to make him my father-in-

law, and he said some awfully impolite things about my business affairs and my remarkable nerve. Anyway, we couldn't agree on that subject, although I tried my best to argue him around to my point of view. Finally he became so angry at my persistency that he told me to consider my presence in his house as very undesirable—to him. I was pretty sure that it wasn't to Kitty.

“Now, if he had only been reasonable, Kitty and I wouldn't have thought of doing anything unusual, and we would have waited a while for him to change his mind, but because Kitty couldn't seem to forget me in a day or two, the old bear decided to take her up to see some aged aunt in Massachusetts, and try the effect of country scenery on what he called ‘a case of calf love, suh.’ That seemed like playing an unfair game, and when I got a note from Kitty telling me of his plan, I decided to take a try at beating out the Colonel on his own ground. I found out the train they were to leave New York on, by slipping a note to Kitty through her maid, and when the train pulled out of the Grand Central I was safely tucked away in the same Pullman that held the Colonel and Kitty. My chair was about five seats behind theirs, and when the Colonel

walked down the aisle to get a drink of water, and saw me, you can guess how his white moustache bristled. He never spoke, but walked straight back and resumed his seat like a guardian dragon. I knew then that war was on until we reached Boston. I confess I was floored for a plan, so I went out to the buffet car to think things over. Talk about luck! When I opened the door the first man I ran into was Bob Cartwright; you remember him—six feet two, and you remember the game he put up for his prep. school. Four years at guard, till his governor said he'd had enough play, and put him into business instead of college. Well, Bob would make about three of the Colonel, and right there my plan hit me squarely. I wanted to shout. 'Hello, Bobbie,' said I, and we pump-handled for about two minutes. Then we sat down to some sandwiches and ale, and I told him of my fix and revealed my plan in all its gorgeousness.

"Bob listened carefully, and the old happy grin came over his face that I'd seen more than once when we had fixed up some racket to disturb the holy quiet of our old prep. school.

"Well, we talked a while longer and then called a porter. He was one of the fast-

black kind that show a large assortment of white teeth and eye-balls, when you produce a green-back; and as the one I showed had a 'V' peeping out of one corner, you can guess how willing he became.

"By the time we reached Bridgeport the scheme was all worked out, and I had agreed to fix up some business in Boston for Bob, since, as you'll find, he wasn't to reach there right away.

"You see, I knew something about the Colonel's investments, as Kitty had told me a little, and I knew that consolidated copper was ticklish just then. The Colonel had rather large holdings in that stock, which was lucky for me.

I took one of the telegraph blanks from the rack by the writing-desk in the smoker, and with my fountain-pen I scribbled, in the best imitation of a telegrapher's scrawl that I could, this message :

Colonel Farnham,

En route New York to Boston;

New Haven Station, 8.00 o'clock
express.

Consolidated copper falling. We want
your instructions as to your hold-
ings. Telegraph at once.

Brewster and Duquesne.

These were the Colonel's brokers, and I

knew this would fetch him if anything would. I wet my handkerchief and carefully blotted the telegram, so that it looked as if it had been copied in the telegraph office letter-press, sealed it up in a Western Union envelope, and called the porter again. The 'five' changed hands and some important final instructions were given. We were rolling into New Haven now, and I resumed my seat in the Pullman.

"The Colonel eyed me suspiciously. The train pulled into the station and stopped. We had about five minutes to wait. About three minutes passed, when a porter rushed into the car with a yellow envelope in his hand, and called out, 'Is dah any Cunnel Farnham in de cyah?'

"The Colonel jumped up hastily, and as he seized the envelope and ripped it open, I heard the darky's hurried explanation, 'Yoh see, suh, de messenger boy said it was a rush telegram requirin' an ansuh, an' I didn't wait to bring in de ordah book for yo' signature, suh.' 'How long does this train wait?' snapped the Colonel. 'About foah minnits, suh,' answered the darky. 'God bless you, George Washington,' I murmured.

"The Colonel tore up the aisle, rushed for the telegraph office, and as I saw him

disappear in the station I also saw Bob Cartwright drop off the train, deposit his suit-case against one of the iron pillars of the arcade, and stroll leisurely toward the door. I rushed to Kitty's chair, explained what I could in a few breathless words, and then hurried to the back platform. Would that train never start? And just then it did. And then I saw the Colonel rush out of the station door; but as he did so, Bob neatly ran into him as he came down the steps. The Colonel picked himself up, and would have kept on toward the train had not a strong hand seized his shoulder, and I heard Bob's voice saying, 'Hold on, old man, do you think you're going to knock a fellow over and run off without explaining?'

"The Colonel struggled frantically to break away, but he might as well have been tied to the station wall, and as the train rolled out of the station, a fat blue-coated policeman came around the corner. The last thing I saw was the Colonel wildly arguing with the officer.

"That's all, except that Kitty and I visited the minister as soon as we reached Boston, and after a week at my sister's house, while Kitty was pretty well cleaning out the Boston stores for her 'elopement trousseau,' as she called it, we took

a steamer for Jamaica, and had the corkingest honeymoon ever. Didn't we, Puss?"

There was a long pause, and we all gazed musingly into the grate fire, which was now a glowing bed of coals.

"And the Colonel?" I asked, finally.

"Oh," laughed Kitty, "he said that if a man could plan out such a campaign to win a girl whose only accomplishments were in the line of chafing-dish cookery and spending her father's money, he certainly deserved her. But for about a year he contemplated hiring a prize-fighter to 'fix' Bob Cartwright, though at last he forgave even poor Bob, and we four have had some cozy little suppers together."

Billy stretched himself lazily, and smiled at his wife in a provokingly contented way. "Do you know," said he, "some day, when I get more of the 'wherewithal,' I'm going to have the statuette of a Pullman porter sculptured and set up in our front hall. We couldn't have a more emblematic household god if we tried."

And though the ideas of newly-married couples are usually of the most foolish variety possible, nevertheless in this case I quite agreed with them.

Meigs O. Frost.

A White Glove—and Its Mate.

WE had just returned from the theatre.

Bob, his coat thrown off and his collar open, sat comfortably back in a Morris chair, smoking a cigarette.

We had been to see Rose Cleland in the opening night of her new musical comedy.

“Well,” said Bob, “what did you think of it?”

“A good show,” I replied, “and pretty sure to make a hit, with Rose Cleland in it.”

Bob smoked in silence for a few moments, and then tossed his cigarette away with an impatient gesture.

“Frank,” he began, “I am going to tell you something. Something that no one but Rose Cleland and myself know. I saw her to-night, it all came back as if it were yesterday and not three years ago. I feel as if I had to talk to some one, and there is no one to whom I would rather talk than you. If it won’t bore you, old man, I’ll start.”

The careless, good-natured, jovial Bob was gone; and I saw that he was unusually serious.

"Go ahead, Bob," I said "I am all attention." And I made myself comfortable as well.

"As I said" he continued, "it was three years ago. I had been in college only two months. You know, Frank, I had never been away to school. I had been brought up so carefully that I had never seen any of the things that all fellows must see, until I got away from home. I was always an imaginative fellow, and I had read detective stories until the height of my ambition was to be a second Lecoq.

"Well, I'll make that part short. I got into the wrong crowd from the first. It was booze, cards and all the rest, and then I found myself two hundred dollars in debt, my whole term's allowance spent, and no one to look to for help or advice.

"I still had credit in a few places, and I stayed drunk in and out of classes, waiting for the final crash. I racked my brains for a way out of it all, but I couldn't find one. Then I read *Raffles*, and an idea came to me. I won't try to tell you how I fought against that idea in my muddled brain, but finally it beat me.

"Rose Cleland was playing in town that

night, and the papers had talked about her beautiful jewels. That was where my idea led me.

"I walked the streets that night, and whenever I began to think, I drank absinthe. I passed by the theatre again and again, and just before the show was over I stepped into a store and bought a pair of women's long white kid gloves. As soon as I saw the people coming from the theatre, I walked over to the stage door and went in. No one stopped me, and I was directed to Miss Cleland's dressing-room. The fever of excitement I had been under seemed to leave me, and I was perfectly calm. Shortly the door opened and a woman stepped out. 'I beg your pardon,' I said, 'but, is this Miss Cleland?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'I wish to ask you a great favor,' I began, but she interrupted me. 'I am not in the habit of granting favors to young men to whom I have not been introduced.' I began again hurriedly, 'At least, let me explain. I am being initiated into a fraternity here in college, and a part of my initiation is to get your signature on these,' I said, and pulled the white gloves from my pocket. She looked at me for a second and then, with a laugh, reached for the gloves. 'All right, wait a minute,' and she started for

the door. That was something I had not counted on. 'But,' I hastened to add, 'I have to see you sign them, too.' It was pretty poor, but it was the best I could think of. 'Very well,' she said, 'come in.'

"I entered. She sat down at a dressing table and began to write on the gloves. There, beside me on a trunk, lay an open jewel box, and I quickly slipped a handful of the gems into my pocket. She turned and handed me the gloves. 'There, is that all,' she said, and laughed. It was the sweetest laugh I ever heard, and it brought with it two dimples which charmed me. I felt a pang of remorse, and at the same time a feeling of pleasure, just to look into her deep brown eyes and see those dimples. Then I remembered. 'That's all, yes—thank you, very, very much,' I said, and hastily left the room.

"When I got down to the stage my calm suddenly left me, and I ran for the door. Half way across the stage I ran plump into a man, nearly knocking him down. He cursed and stepped back, blocking my way. 'What are you doing back here?' he demanded, angrily. Then I saw him look at my side pocket. I looked down swiftly and saw one glove hanging out. I tucked it in quickly, and guiltily, I guess, for he called to a man to watch the door

while he braced himself as if he feared an attack. 'Well?' he said. I stammered in confusion, wondering what to do. Then I heard the quick rustle of skirts on the stairs I had just come down, and my heart sank helplessly.

"Miss Cleland came quickly across the stage. Her face was very pale, and I could see her hands tremble. 'Have you seen——?' she began, and then, 'Oh!' as she saw me. I looked her squarely in the eye, and if a man ever pleaded for his life with his eyes, I did then. For fully a minute we stood there, and then, 'Oh! there you are, Mr. Franklyn,' she said, 'I was afraid you had gone,' and she actually smiled. The big man who was blocking my way spoke. 'Do you know this man, Miss Cleland?' 'Of course I do; I was looking for him. All ready,' she said, looking over her shoulder at me.

"I followed meekly. We got outside the theatre, and I turned to her. 'Miss Cleland,' I faltered, but she took me by the arm and led me into a cab which was standing by the curb. She spoke to the driver and stepped in beside me.

"You may wonder why I didn't run as soon as I got out of the theatre. I don't know why, but I didn't. In a few minutes the cab stopped and she stepped out,

saying as she did so 'Follow me,' and she entered the hotel without even looking around. She led me to her rooms, and still without saying a word she took off her hat and coat, and faced me. 'Why did you do it?' she said. 'There was no anger in her voice; in fact, I almost thought I could detect sympathy in her tones.

"Somehow, Frank, I could talk to her. I told her the whole pitiful story. It hurt, oh, how it hurt, but I told her all, and she listened with a sympathetic interest. Then, when I had finished, she talked to me. I wish you could have heard her talk! I felt as if God had sent an angel to lead me back to the right pathway. I am not much on poetical phrases, so I won't try to describe her, but she was beautiful; if ever a woman was beautiful, she was that night.

"Frank, that night I learned what love was. Love—and I in that position! Hopeless, wasn't it? Well, that's the way I have felt about it ever since.

"Well, I emptied the jewels out on a table, and asked her if I could keep the gloves. She kept one, Frank, and I have the other. Here it is. I wonder if she still has its mate. When I went, she held out her hand to me and said 'Goodbye.' I

took it and tried to speak, but I couldn't. I bent quickly and kissed it, and then ran out into the night.

"Well, that's all; except that I've loved her ever since, and I've lived straight from then till now."

He leaned back in his chair and lit another cigarette.

For some time we sat there in silence. At last he got up, picked up his coat, and stood before me. Then, with a quick motion, he threw away his cigarette, and held out his hand.

"Good night, old man," he said, and in that grasp I expressed my sympathy. He went to the door, stopped, and turned to me.

"Is there anything in the world I can do?" he said.

"Yes," I replied, "find the mate to your white glove." And he went out.

* * * * *

For three weeks I had not seen or heard from Bob, when the following telegram came.

Dear Frank:—

I took your advice and—
I have the mate to my white glove.—Bob.

"Fac."

The God of Ruinah.

SOME of the numerous readers of the "London Times" may have noticed on the second page of the issue for May 12th, the account of the re-union and banquet held by the officers of the 9th India Veterans in their new clubhouse. As that was just a week before I was to take ship for Yuna to join the 7th Heavy Artillery, to which I had been transferred, Col. Hingham, an old comrade of my father, obtained for me the special privilege to attend. "It will show you what the men were who used to fight there, and what sort of a country you are going to," he told me.

The account of the meal does not concern us here. It was afterwards that the enjoyment began. Gen. Roselton, who presided at table, was always fond of relating his various adventures. He was sitting quietly at one corner of the fireplace, watching between puffs of smoke from his long pipe for a chance to begin. A lull in the conversation soon brought it.

“Boys, I’ve got a little story here about a treasure hunt up in the Ragune mountains. That was way back in ’85 when I was only a second lieutenant in Campbell’s fourth regiment. Capt. Hook had gone out on a hunting trip of three days in the foot-hills, but had failed to show up again, and so they sent me off in charge of ten men to look him up.

“I had for a guide a young native who was rather fond of telling stories himself—he even was a little ahead of me, I believe. The first night around the camp-fire he came out with some wonderful tale about a ruined city, up in the jungle, that had once belonged to Chasid Kuma, the ancient ruler of the district. He said it was the report among the natives that an immense amount of treasure lay hidden in this city, but that no one had ever been able to find it. Otherwise, he probably would not have told me.

“I took but little stock in the treasure story—that goes with everything mysterious—but I had always been anxious to visit one of these abandoned cities. And it was about as probable that Cook had gone there as anywhere; so we made the ruined city, which I learned was called Ruinah, our destination. At noon of the second day, we reached it—a fallen ruin,

thickly overgrown with coarse, jungle underbrush. On a rising mound near the center of the dwellings rose a cluster of towers and high walls of shining white marble, which we took to be the ancient palace.

“Threading our way through streets nearly choked with trees, we at length reached the crumbling gate to the palace. Entering, we found ourselves in fairyland. Splended arbors and long colonades ran through the grounds, and just in the center, shining like burnished silver, glistened the marble walls of the royal dwelling outlined by dark patches of bamboo and dark-green creepers.

“It was too beautiful to leave in an instant, but curiosity drove us forward. With some difficulty we gained an entrance through a hole in the wall, and from there passed into the inner court. In the center was a fountain surrounded by a large empty basin, where, doubtless, the inmates had once been accustomed to enjoy a cool bath.

“The feeling of eagerness and mystery of treasure hunters had been growing on us ever since the first sight of the city. The men were positive that all this grandeur could not have existed without leaving some more valuable relic than marble

walls—beautiful though they might be. Even I had a strange desire to look to find something. With this feeling we separated, each hastening to the part where he thought might be the greatest possibility for discoveries.

“For me a splendid chamber seemed the most attractive. The floor was inlaid with diamond shaped blocks of varied colors, the walls were tiled with a cool shade of light green, and the roof curved gracefully to a pure white star set in the centre. At one corner a rude window seat was built out into the room with such a pleasing air of rest and comfort that I could not refrain from trying it. As I leaned back I felt a tile move beneath my head, and looking around, saw a whole panel swing easily out from the wall.

“Ah, here then, was the mystery! And it was I who had found it! The treasure would be mine, and mine alone! Eagerly I entered the opening, never stopping to see what might be behind it. And that's where the trouble began. As I stepped over the slab my foot suddenly slipped out from under me, and in an instant I was sliding down what seemed to be a smooth spiral tunnel. The slide was fast but short. Soon I glided gently out onto a level floor, and stopped. No chink or

crevice let in the faintest ray of light ; the darkness was complete. So I rose cautiously to my feet, searched for a match in my pocket and struck it.

“My first impression was similar to what one might see from the bottom of a cistern. It looked like the inside of an immense jug—with the cork in at the top. But on examining more closely, I noticed that the slab in the center of the floor seemed loose. I tried it. It yielded easily, and raising it, a cry of joy escaped me. Below me in a neatly lined hole about two feet square, lay a small iron box ! I snatched at the cover only to find it securely locked. With a great effort I raised the chest from the hole and set it on the floor. Then I attempted to get out.

“The ascent was clearly impossible with the heavy box, but as it had lain safely in its dungeon for probably several hundred years, I felt no great fear that it would be taken from me if I should leave it. With much squirming and skipping and careful acrobatic work—I was somewhat younger then than I am now—I at last managed to reach the open panel and to crawl back into the room. A few shouts summoned the men from their unsuccessful search, and in a few words I told them of my discovery. They nearly went wild for joy.

A hidden box in the bottom of a dungeon ! Surely that must mean treasure, and treasure meant gold, and gold meant wealth for us all ! Oh, you can imagine their enthusiasm !

“One ingenious head had soon cut a long, tough creeper from the wall, and with this as a rope I again descended the slide, this time more cautiously. I soon had it fastened to the box, and with a hard steady pull from the men above, the box and I came up together. Then was the excitement ! They leaped and danced about it like a lot of savages ; and I really believe I joined them.

“But what was inside ? A little examination showed that the lock was nearly rusted off, and a sharp blow from a tile finished it. Breathless, I raised the lid. The sigh of disappointment that came from those men was like a winter breeze passing through a lonely church yard. No gold, no treasure, not a coin ! But carefully placed on a piece of silken cloth lay a little image of carved ivory—the ancient God of Ruinah ! There he is above you on the mantelpiece—the same old fellow. I have since taken a good deal of a liking to him, but the men of that expedition regard him as a likeness of the very devil himself. Ask the Major there.”

H. Clayton Beaman, Jr.

Retrospection.

We seek for too much knowledge, and the quest
Leaves us soul-weary and all passion-stained,
Grasping the poor experience we have gained
At cost of all things noblest, purest, best;
Like cowards we obey the world's behest
And probe into the depths that have contained
Fools like to us, since first the devil reigned
O'er those who put life to the sensuous test.
What use to mourn the sins of former days?
And yet, God knows that could we but return
To that fair-visioned purity of youth,
That treasured faith for which we vainly yearn;
The painted lure of sin's entangling maze
No more would find us searching sordid truth.

Meigs O. Frost.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.

✓ '50—Edward Augustus Crane, M. D., graduated from Amherst College in 1854, and died in Paris, France, February 26, 1906.

✓ '51—Rufus Tripp King, born in Westport, moving when five years old to Lowell, attending the public schools in that city, at Phillips in '51, died in Nashua, N. H., May 19, 1905. At the time of his retirement in January, 1905, he had completed 55 years as a locomotive engineer, a longer service than that of any other in the United States. He was identified with the public life of Nashua, having served in the common council and in the board of aldermen.

'78—Rev. Dr. Charles S. Mills of St. Louis, Mo., has been recently chosen president of the Congregational Home Missionary Society.

'93—Miss Helen Louise Newton was married at Calais, Me., on May 29, 1906, to William Belmont Parker of Columbia University.

'93—Married in Boston, April 28, 1906, Edward Scott Sawyer and Miss Leslie Tobey. They will live in Stamford, Conn.

'94—John Edabduel Huiskamp and Miss Mary Ellen McGorrick were married at Des Moines, Ia., December 12, 1905.

'95—In Pittsburgh, Pa., on May 16, 1906, occurred the marriage of James McDevitt Magee and Miss Rebecca Jennings. After September 1, they are to live at 312 Frederick Av., Sewickley, Pa.

'96—Frederic W. Allen has been elected assistant secretary of the Simmons Hardware Co. of St. Louis, Mo.

'96—Thomas B. Clarke has been elected secretary of the Night and Day Safe Deposit Co. at 527 Fifth Av., New York City.

'97—Oliver W. Branch has opened a law office at 795 Elm St., Manchester, N. H.

'97—John A. Keppelman is practising law in Reading, Pa.

'98—Hugh Satterlee has been elected president of the Harvard Law Review editorial board for the ensuing year.

'99—James A. Gould is president of the Gould Elevator Co. with business offices at 522 Corn Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.

'00—Howard Drummond and Miss Elizabeth Newell were married in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 24, 1906. They are to live at Rye, N. Y.

'00—William H. Jones graduates this June from the Massachusetts College of Osteopathy, Boston.

'00—Heaton R. Robertson has been appointed by the Yale Corporation an assistant in mining and metallurgy in the Sheffield Scientific School.

Editorial.

This number of the MIRROR will be the last one of the year open to general contributions. The editors, after careful consideration, have decided to make the Commencement Number practically a senior number.

This will be somewhat of an innovation, as it will be the first complete account of the work of the class day officers which has been published for some time.

The number will contain the Class History, the Class Poem, the Class Oration, and the Class Prophecy for the seniors of 1906.

The class-day exercises have never as yet been fully recorded in any form except the brief account given in the PHILLIPIAN, and we believe that such a record will prove of interest to the members of other classes, as well as to the seniors.

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The pupils last year numbered over four hundred, less than one-half of whom were from New England, and the others from more distant places.

The current year begins September 20, 1905, with vacations at Christmas and Easter.

The expenses vary from \$300.00 to \$500.00 a year, according to the accommodations selected.

The income of benevolent funds and scholarship endowments amounts to five thousand dollars a year.

The present needs of the Academy are funds for building, for teachers' salaries, and for general current expenses. For further information and for copies of the annual catalogue, address,

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Commencement Number 1906



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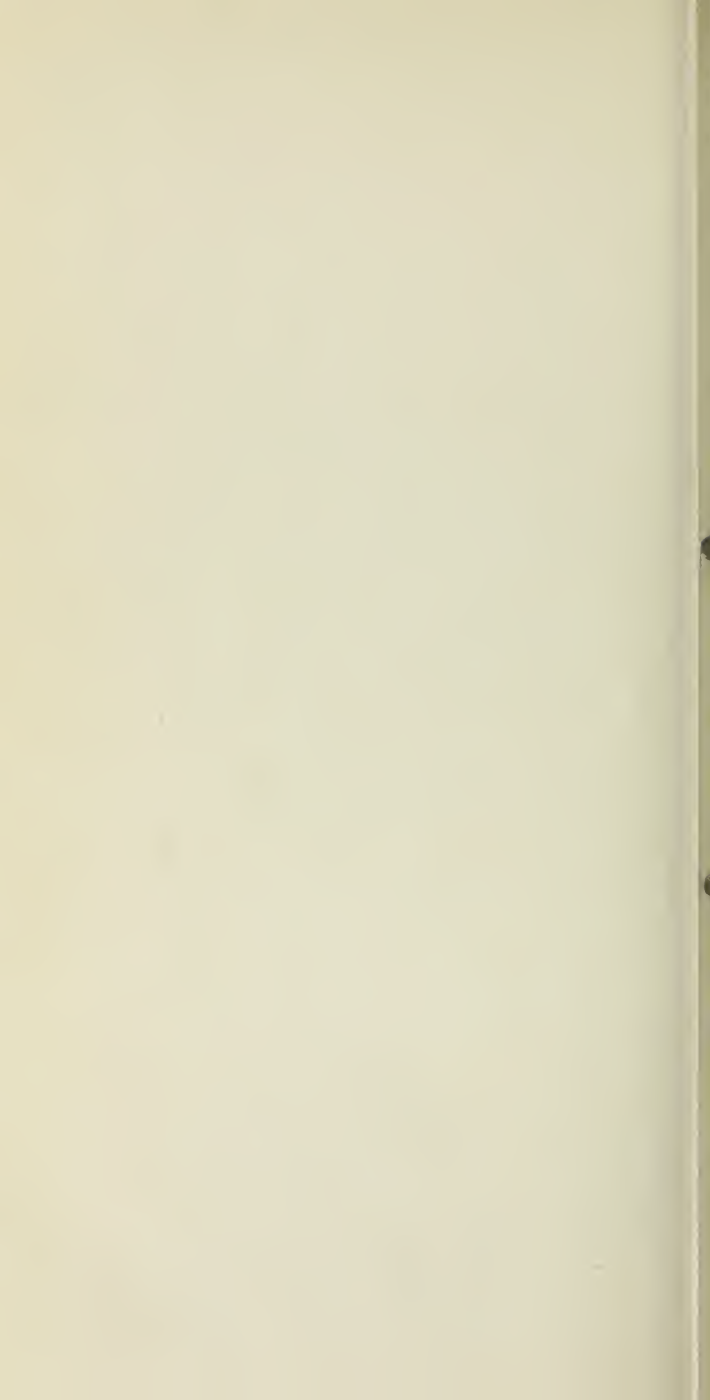
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....The....
Phillips Andover Mirror

FOUNDED 1854

Entered at the Andover Post Office as Second Class Mail
Matter

Vol. 1. New Series Commencement Number

FOREWORD

ALTHOUGH the question of senior privileges was well settled at the senior dinner, still the editors of the MIRROR feel that one more "privilege" can well be added to the graduating class, and so they dedicate this, the Commencement Number, to the class of 1906.

The work of the Class Day speakers holds chief place in the issue, and in every way possible, the editors have tried to make this number an interesting souvenir of the exit of 1906 from Phillips Academy.

For the past year has been a memorable one in the annals of Andover, and the senior class can feel that it has played its part in making the history that we shall all look back upon with pride, in the after years when Andover has become a memory.

THE CLASS HISTORY

HENRY HOMER HOBBS, '06

FINIS origine pendet — the end depends upon the beginning — is the motto of Phillips, and if an auspicious beginning augurs well for the future, then the Class of 1906 is under a lucky star. The class had scarcely opened its eyes upon the world in the fall of 1902 when "Jack" Cates' team trounced Exeter on the old gridiron to the tune of 29-17. That was our first birthday party, and we celebrated it that night all the more gayly, because some of our fellow-infants had helped to win that victory. Bullock, Andrews, Bob Brown and Guiney were the husky "preps" that year.

But that was only a starter. We fed on Latin roots, and cracked Algebraical nuts all winter to keep in training; and when the spring-time came we were in such good condition that we romped away from Exeter on the track, and Sid Peet developed a Quaker Oats smile that won't come off.

Nash, the last of the Mohicans, Andrews, better known as "Bunch," and Bullock all made their letters. A little later the same track team won the New England Interscholastic championship at Harvard.

Meanwhile Rodney Brown, "Bob"



HENRY H. HOBBS
Football Captain



ALBERTUS Y. BARTHOLOMEW
Track Captain



BERNARD E. REILLY
Baseball Captain

Brown and Charlie Clough were tossing a baseball so cleverly that when the Exeter game came along they helped to win the great 1-0 game on the Exeter field.

We had won everything there was to win in athletics, so we turned our attention to other matters. Mr. Stearns was elected principal to our great delight; and the new athletic field was dedicated. The 125th anniversary of the school was celebrated, and the Chinese minister and many other notables came from far and near to congratulate the school on getting the Class of 1906 within its borders.

In our second year we studied too hard, and allowed our studies to interfere with our athletics. We lost the football game by the vexatious score of 14-11. Athletic relations were resumed with Lawrenceville that fall and we got consolation for the tricks fortune played us at Exeter, by winning the Lawrenceville game, 23-0. A similar situation developed in baseball. Exeter won, but we made a new record by defeating Yale, 5-3. Five of this nine were '06 men—"Bob" Brown, Clough, Reilly, Murphy and Rodney Brown.

Like most Andover classes we found at the beginning of the Middle year that our numbers had increased. We had 128 men when the Faculty lined us up in September, and were the biggest class in school. We had our tribulations, however, for the

football team, after a successful season, had to lower its colors before Exeter's heavier aggregation. The 1906 football men were Brown, Lynn, Bartholomew, Bullock and Hobbs.

We took the lesson to heart and took up a special course of physical training under "Doc" Page. His gym classes were all we lived for that winter. With his help we got up strength enough to show Exeter a thing or two in the baseball line. After an exciting game, we won out, 6-4. And just to keep our hand in, during the preliminary season, we hung Princeton's scalp beside the one we had taken from Yale the year before. The score of that Princeton game was 3-1 and Charlie Lanigan's twirling did the trick. We were getting ready to win the track meet from Exeter, but the gym work had worn us out. Some deadly microbes visited the hill and in our exhausted condition, we were easy game. A few cases of scarlet fever developed, and school was closed for two weeks near the end of the Spring term. Fortunately, none of the cases proved fatal.

The year closed and we all went home to rest up, and get ready for the joys and responsibilities of Senior year. We decided on several things during that summer — and one thing we determined to do was to repeat the victories over Exeter which had made our "prep" year famous.

We began by getting Jack O'Connor as

football coach. "Jack" was a new thing in many ways for Andover. He taught us the Dartmouth system, in place of the Yale system, which had been unsuccessful in the two preceding years. We all know the results of "Jack's" coaching. Exeter had a veteran team, a coach with a great reputation as a player, and a string of heavy-weights whose beef alone was counted all-sufficient for the final test on November 18th. Add to this the fact that the game was to be played at Exeter and you can see what a proposition O'Connor had to handle. How well he succeeded is now a matter of history, and of all the gladdened hearts at Andover that night, none rejoiced more in the 28-0 victory than 1906 and those of her number who had been fortunate enough to play in that game—Bartholomew and Murphy on the back-field did yeoman service; on the line were Andrus, who "put the bug" to his friend Mac, Pierce, Lynn, Austin, Avery and Hobbs.

Murphy scarcely got his football togs off before he settled down to make a good basketball team out of rather unpromising material. Under his able leadership the men rounded into shape rapidly, and the season was successfully played through.

On the ice Fels, as captain, had a really remarkable hockey team, and their work met with a well deserved success. The 1906 men who helped Fels' team to make

a record were Waterman, A. Merritt, Hincks, Jewett and Heintzmann.

Other sides of school life were not neglected. Through the efforts of 1906 men a debate was arranged with Exeter. The Andover team, led by Frost, and composed entirely of 1906 men, failed to win the debate, the judges voting 2-1 against them; but those who heard the debate were proud of their team, and came away from the Exeter halls with the feeling that '06 has brains as well as brawn.

Bartholomew and his track men had been working faithfully in the meantime. and our hopes were high when we all went with them to Exeter on May 30. The meet was splendidly contested and was marred by only one unfortunate incident. One of the judges seemed to think that Richmond's high jump was not according to rule. This decision lost the meet; and a protest has been registered by Andover, which is still under consideration. If the protest is sustained Andover will be the victor by a score of $48\frac{1}{2}$ points to $47\frac{1}{2}$.

After the track meet our interests naturally centered on the baseball game with Exeter on Brothers Field. Our baseball team had made a great record, defeating Yale again, to show that we hadn't forgotten how; and making a new mark for "prep" schools by taking Harvard into camp. Dartmouth, Amherst and



BASEBALL SQUAD 1906

Williams, all of them very strong teams, had gone down before Captain Reilly's team. So we felt that Exeter was due to lose, but "you never can tell," and there had been a hoodoo on Brothers field since it was first dedicated. But we were not to be denied and the last Andover-Exeter contest, in which 1906 had a part, was won by the score of 3-2. That the class had an honorable part in the victory can be seen when we remember that six of the 10 men who played for Andover were 1906 men—Reilly, A. Merritt, Fels, Murphy, Lanigan and Clow.

During the four years in which '06 was helping to win victories for the school she was not idle in the inter-class championships. Since the inter-class football contests were begun two years ago, '06 has won every time. In the gymnasium inter-class basketball was begun this winter and we won the championship.

As for the class baseball championship, at the time of going to press the final game between '06 and '08 is still to be played, '06 having won the first game from '07.

And now the four years are over and we are looking back over a period none of us can forget. The old school has meant much to every one of us, and the friendships we have formed are to be among our best possessions. Let us hope that as we go out from Andover into larger fields of

activity we shall remain true to the school and what it stands for, true to our own ideals, and that each of us may do his best to bring credit upon the class of which we all are proud.



THE CLASS POEM

MEIGS OLIVER FROST, '06

In days gone by, when first our land
emerged

From out a war in which she fought for
life

And freedom from the grasp of tyranny ;

In those past days, when men were strong
indeed

To battle for the right, a young man rose
Who saw with keen-eyed vision far ahead
Of all such circumstance as then prevailed.

Before him lay revealed the destiny

Of that new land, a nation born to rule.

He knew, in part, the power that was to
come,

And realized that in the future years

This country, growing, would have need of
men ;

Men fitted to take up the cares of state,

Men worthy of the places of high trust,

Men broadened in the way which thought
alone,

Directed rightly, can make broad the mind.

Then to supply that need he founded here

The school we love, believing that the life

Of man is molded in his boyhood days

For good or ill, as first his mind is trained.

Long years have passed, a century and
more

Since Andover first opened portals wide

In welcome to the youth of all the land ;

And ever, as the years passed by, she grew,
Grew in the number of her sons, and grew
In broad democracy of thought and act.

Small place she had for those who thought
that wealth

Or birth were marks by which to judge the
man,

And in her halls were ever to be found

The sons of those who ruled, and by their
side

The sons of those who served; it mattered
not

To her, she took them both and trained
them both.

No petty barriers of creed were raised,

No sect controlled the choice of those who
came

To seek admittance, that they too might
grow

In manhood and the knowledge that is
power.

But one thing she required of all who came,
Which, lacking, they could be no sons of
hers.

"Quit you like men, be strong!" was
asked of all.

And who, with her traditions for support

Could fail to strive for manliness and
strength?

Thus, with a purpose clear and well de-
fined,

Our school was founded, and her sons of
old

Have justified that purpose by their lives.

While we, the latest of the mighty line

That reaches back a hundred years and
more,

Cannot but feel the heritage of toil

That has descended through the years to
us.

For though we linger in the pleasant ways
That life may offer, we must sometimes
hear

The call to work, not thinking of the prize
But of the pleasure in a finished task.

For though these words be older than the
hills

On which this school is founded, they are
truth :

'Tis he who labors, loving day by day

The work he does, who molds the world of
men,

Not he who works and thinks but of the
price

His labor brings ; for he, and such as he
Are not the ones whom in the after years
Old Andover shall proudly claim her own.

And nowhere is the spirit better trained
That forces men to work for common good,
Than in our old New England's rugged
hills

And in our old New England's school of
schools.

Now for the last time meeting as a class.

We gather here, and in a few short days

The places we have striven hard to gain

By others will be filled, and worthily.

While we, who go to broader fields, can
feel

That we are not condemned to stand or
fall

By that alone we have accomplished here.

If we have erred, have failed—and who
has not

In some way erred or failed?—we know
that now

Our failures have but pointed out the way
By which to travel onward to success.

And this much do we know: that we have
gained

A truer sense of values than before.

Henceforth our aims shall all be toward an
end

More worthy of the toil and sacrifice

Than are the goals toward which of late
we strove.

And now the time has come to say fare-
well;

To us, this old experience is new,

But year by year the classes come and go,

And each one, leaving, disappears from
view

Into a world where nothing, as it seems,

Is certain—save the certainty of change.

Yet though each class be scattered far
abroad,

Never again to meet, each man is bound

By strands invisible to this, our school,

Old Andover; and in the years to come,

That bond will grow more firm in those
who think

Of what has come to them upon this hill.

And though we go, we form another link

In that great chain of men who gird the
earth ;

Men trained in mind, the men who must
array

Themselves upon the side of all things true.

The men who fight for every honest cause

That brightens up this grey old world of
ours.

Pray God we may prove worthy of our
trust.



THE CLASS ORATION

LOWELL MEAD CHAPIN, '06

WE stand today upon the threshold of a new life.

In a few short hours our happy school days will have passed away forever and we will face the higher responsibilities, the greater problems of a broader life.

On such an occasion as this it is fitting that we should pause and give ourselves time for reflecting upon the past and contemplating the future.

As we carry ourselves upon the wings of memory back over the years we have spent here in this glorious place, the great debt of gratitude we owe to those who brought this institution into existence, reveals itself to us.

The force of our emotions also compels us to bear witness to our appreciation of all that those have done for us, who here devoted their lives and souls to the sacred calling of teaching. There is not one within sound of my voice who has not been in some way made better by coming into contact with these unselfish, noble men.

And we must speak of the singularly inspiring influence of this grand old town itself. Every community of any age at all has an influence peculiar to itself, a heritage no doubt left by all those who have lived and died within its borders.

And that this is true, the influence that Andover exerts over every boy who enters its confines goes far to prove.

The grand men living, or dead, who have here enacted all, or a part of their lives, have left their impress upon the spiritual atmosphere of this place, with the result that those who bring themselves into the spirit of Andover, are ennobled and uplifted, have a broader charity for the short-comings of their fellows, find their powers of concentration in some manner miraculously increased, and are brought to feel a stronger respect for, and firmer belief in Him "Who governs the Universe and directs the procession of events."

As we contemplate the larger, broader life that is stretching out before us, we do so with hope and confidence, for we know that during our sojourn here we have gathered the power, the will to overcome those obstacles that this new life will place in our path.

It should be our duty in after years, when a short pause comes in the conflict of life, to hasten here and at this delicious mental and spiritual fountain to drink again of its refreshing and invigorating draughts.

But far greater than all these things, potent as their influence has been upon our characters, are the friendships we have formed here during our stay, and the consequent friendly rivalries that have ensued.

The associations thus called into being we hope will continue onward unbroken throughout our lives, but if this parting shall in some instances prove a final one until the Great Reunion, let us hope that the mystic bonds of memory will often call us into spiritual communion with each other, as when in after years, the day's work being finished, we gather about our firesides and let our thoughts wander back over the past and recall the grand old Phillips' days departed.

But in a larger sense we can't say that they'll ever depart, for they will ever be a positive force, dominating our souls throughout our entire sojourn upon earth; and who can say that their power will not be felt in that larger, grander, better life toward which destiny is so swiftly urging us — the life that is beyond.

THE CLASS PROPHECY

FREDERICK JAMES MURPHY, '06

TWENTY-FIVE years had passed since we had graduated, and again we were assembled at the Hotel Touraine, in Boston. It was the first time we had met since our separation in 1906. For this occasion we had decided upon an elaborate and rather unique plan. It was this. Each member, in turn, was to make a speech in which he should dwell especially upon the life and occupation of another classmate. Interesting results followed, the most conspicuous of which I will endeavor to outline.

As the coffee and cigars were brought on, a slight commotion was noticed at one end of the table. Investigation showed that Beinecke was trying to make the first speech, and was being held down by the men on each side of him. They were persuaded to let him up, and he began, in his usual majestic voice, "Gentlemen, I wish to expose the nefarious doings of a band of politicians who are controlling the whole government of our fair city of New York. It is a second Tammany Hall led by our old classmate Hobbs, and composed of such wire-pullers as Eames, P.W. Blake, Taggart and 'Jack' Wallace." The speaker would have gone farther, but he was seized on all sides by the aggrieved politicians, and

while several of them sat upon him, "Jack" Wallace rose and cleared his throat.

"Since my actions are exposed," he said, "I might as well get even by doing a little exposing myself. Take for instance our little friend Chapin. The excuse he gave for not appearing tonight was that he was chained down to business. I know better. Perhaps you do not know that he now believes in polygamy, and has moved to Utah, where he can live up to his old reputation without danger of breach-of-promise suits. His numerous wives would not allow him to come tonight. They know him too well." And Wallace sat down amid great applause.

Half-way down the table arose a mighty form which we quickly recognized as our old Hercules, Andrus. With a graceful bow his sweet voice greeted our ears. "Fellows, you all remember how we used to enjoy our little trips to Lawrence. Well, after this is over, I invite you all to come over for a quiet 'time.' When you're there, we will meet our old friends Charley Lanigan and Tom Lynn. Charley owns the mill, now, and Tom is running the dummy-engine in it." As he sat down, Warren, the hero of Manila, jumped up and shouted with a mighty voice, "That's right, fellows, I second the motion, Andy owns the town, anyway!"

Meanwhile a sound as of muffled prayer

was heard at the end of the table, and Grover Fels rose from his feet to explain, "You see, fellows, that's just Franchot and Gilbert. They're city missionaries who float around through Massachusetts, on the theory that 'every little bit helps.' Just now they're converting Lowell, where I am superintendent of schools. If you survive Andy's trip to Lawrence, come over and inspect my outfit." (I might add that Grover is a trustee of, and has a life interest in, that little school called Abbot).

Suddenly an argument that had been in progress between two of the fellows became too prominent to be ignored, and as we looked at the disputants, we recognized Lyle Hall, now U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, while his opponent was "Jim" Waller, one-time shark, now the President of Chicago University. When they were asked to explain the cause of the fuss, they seemed ashamed of themselves, so we naturally assumed that there was a woman in the case.

Another man rose and claimed our attention. He turned out to be Harold Cross, and after a slight pause he said, "Now, fellows, you've been at every place but Andover itself, in the last twenty-five years, so when you get through with Lawrence and Lowell, just take a trip over and see the old school. I'm treasurer now, in 'Jim' Sawyer's place, and while you're

there, you can meet our old 'Cap' Charley Clough. He is still working for that 'dip.' And speaking of Charley, that reminds me that 'Butts' Merritt's oldest boy is showing the ball players how his father used to pitch."

At this stage, a man passed around copies of a newspaper. He proved to be "Frankie" Ferguson, and proudly informed us that he was the war editor of the New York Daily Howler.

Almost every one had spoken now, when somebody noticed that a man with flowing locks, who had been quietly reading a book, still continued reading when the rest began to rise from the table. He was asked to speak, and as he rose, the crowd resumed their seats. He commenced his remarks with a quotation from Chaucer, and was at once recognized as Meigsie Frost, our one and only poet. He was not satisfied with this one quotation, but handed out one after another, and would undoubtedly still be quoting, had not the entire assembly hurled itself at him with a wild yell.

The tables were overturned, and the gathering was broken up by the ensuing rough-house.

THE McLANAHAN PRIZES

W. Y. DURAND.

BY way of preface to announcing the award of the McLanahan Prizes for the best articles published in the MIRROR, the committee of award, Mr. Howard V. Bullinger and the writer, wish to say a word in appreciation of the MIRROR itself. After the unfortunate suspension of the MIRROR for a year, it was a good deal of a question whether the magazine could be successfully recalled from its long rustication. But owing to the energy and resourcefulness of Mr. Frost and Mr. J. B. Wallace and their associates on the Board, the new MIRROR has amply justified its being. It has been, as its name implies, a surface for reflecting a phase of school activity that ought to be reflected and that has no other medium. Moreover, the MIRROR has won the solid respect both of the students and of a growing list of alumni. Mr. Frost's own work has made strongly for its success. His verses have been of unusual excellence, and his sonnet, "Retrospection," in the June number, is a poem of genuine power and depth of feeling, such as one seldom finds in a school periodical. The work of the body of contributors has been distinctly good, and shows that Phillips still has a healthy literary spirit.

The Award :

1. For the best contributions by Seniors or Middlers—

First Prize, Story, "When the Colonel Lost," by Meigs O. Frost, '06.

Second Prize, Story, "Almost," by Carl F. Massey, '06.

Honorable Mention, "A Sketch," by Newton H. Foster, '07.

2. For the best contributions by Junior Middlers or Juniors—

First Prize, Story, "A White Glove—and Its Mate," by Frank R. Conklin, '08.

Second Prize, Story, "The Nuisance, the Hat, and the Girl," by James C. Thomas, '08.

LEAVES FROM PHILLIPS IVY

CONDUCTED BY GEO. T. EATON, P. A. '73

'55—John Henry Rea was born in North Andover, April 24, 1836. After leaving Phillips he learned the carpenter's trade and followed it through his life. He possessed the respect of his fellow citizens and held many elective offices. He was married November 25, 1862, to Miss Caroline S. Berry and died at his home in North Andover, June 6, 1906.

'69—Rev. George Y. Washburn, who has been pastor six years at the Courtland street church, Everett, recently received from his parish a roll top desk and a sum of money.

'73—Alfred L. Ripley of Andover, a trustee of Phillips, was captain of the Golf team which played against Harvard on May 30.

'87—George H. Hayward, an engineer in the U. S. government service is at home after a three years' absence in Australia, South Africa and the Philippines.

'91—Thomas O'Connor Jones of Pittsburg, Pa., under a fatal impulse, due to ill health, took his own life at the Hotel Schenley on June 5, 1906. After leaving Yale he entered the steel business and at the time of his death was assistant general manager of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company.

'92—Herbert Baldwin Foster died June 6, 1906, in a Pittsburgh, Pa., hospital, at the age of 31 years. He received his A. B. degree at Harvard after three years of work with the distinction *summa cum laude*. He remained at Cambridge for one year of post graduate work and was three years at Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, Md., where in 1900 he received the degree of Ph.D.

He taught at the State University, Vermillion, So. Dakota and at Lehigh Univ., Bethlehem, Pa. He was recently elected to the chair of Latin and Greek in the Pittsburgh High school.

He had translated Dio's History of Rome in six volumes. While at Phillips he won prizes in Greek and English, was a member of the first board of the Phillips Andover Mirror and was the valedictorian of his class. His father was the late Moses Foster of Andover, for many years cashier of the Andover National Bank. His brother Edward R. Foster was in the class of P. S. '80.

'92—Dr. Andrew J. Gilmour, Sheffield '95, has been appointed third assistant surgeon of the Thirteenth New York Regiment.

'96—Married at Biltmore, N. C., May 12, 1906, Leeds Mitchell of Chicago and Miss Harriet L. Smith.

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~~'96~~—Richard H. Edwards graduated from Union Theological Seminary this spring and next autumn assumes his work as assistant pastor of the First Congregational church in Madison, Wis., where his work will deal more particularly with the students of the State University. During the summer he will have charge of the Bible teachers' training class at the student conference, held at Lake Geneva, Wis.

'04—James W. Marshall has been elected track captain at Yale for the year 1906-1907.

EDITORIAL

With this number of the MIRROR, the Senior Board steps out of office, and turns the control of the publication over to its successors. And as this is the last time that we have the privilege of making our bow before the Andover public, it seems that a little leniency might be granted us if we grow reminiscent to a slight degree.

The past year has been one of varied experience with the editors. In the beginning, since the MIRROR had suspended publication for a year, we were forced to disprove the current theory that we were trying to revive life in a corpse. And we believe that we have disproved that idea. For the MIRROR, without the slightest doubt, has a place in the school life. In its way it fills a place not occupied by either of our esteemed contemporaries, the *Phillipian* and the *Pot-Pourri*. For not every scribbler in the school is satisfied with trying his hand at the thrilling accounts of football and baseball games which our newspaper gives us; nor is he content with the laurels that adorn the brow of the writer of "grinds." To this man the pages of the MIRROR are open, and the past year has shown that such fellows can develop a really decent style by just such practice as Mirror heeling

gives them, while the amount of manuscript turned in to the editors shows conclusively that the number of writers in school has been largely under-estimated.

But though there have been many pleasant experiences for the editor, the Business Manager has not had a year of uninterrupted enjoyment, and troubles with printers, subscribers and advertisers, have been his share. Although the first few issues showed the results of troubles with printers, we think that the appearance of the later issues can bear comparison with any of the preparatory school literary monthlies that we have seen.

And so at the end of the year's work, we can feel that distinct progress has been made; that the MIRROR has been established on a firm footing in the school; that its continuance has been justified. And as we gracefully retire from the glare of the lime-light, we wish our successors every possible success in their work for the coming year. For we have implicit faith in their ability to attain success.

* * * * *

We take pleasure in announcing the election of James C. Thomas as Managing Editor, and Ammi W. Lancashire as Business Manager of the MIRROR for the coming year.

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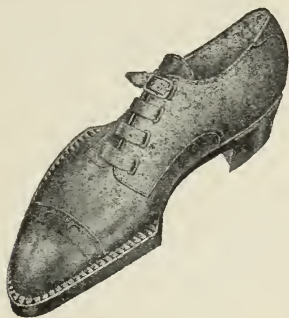
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